

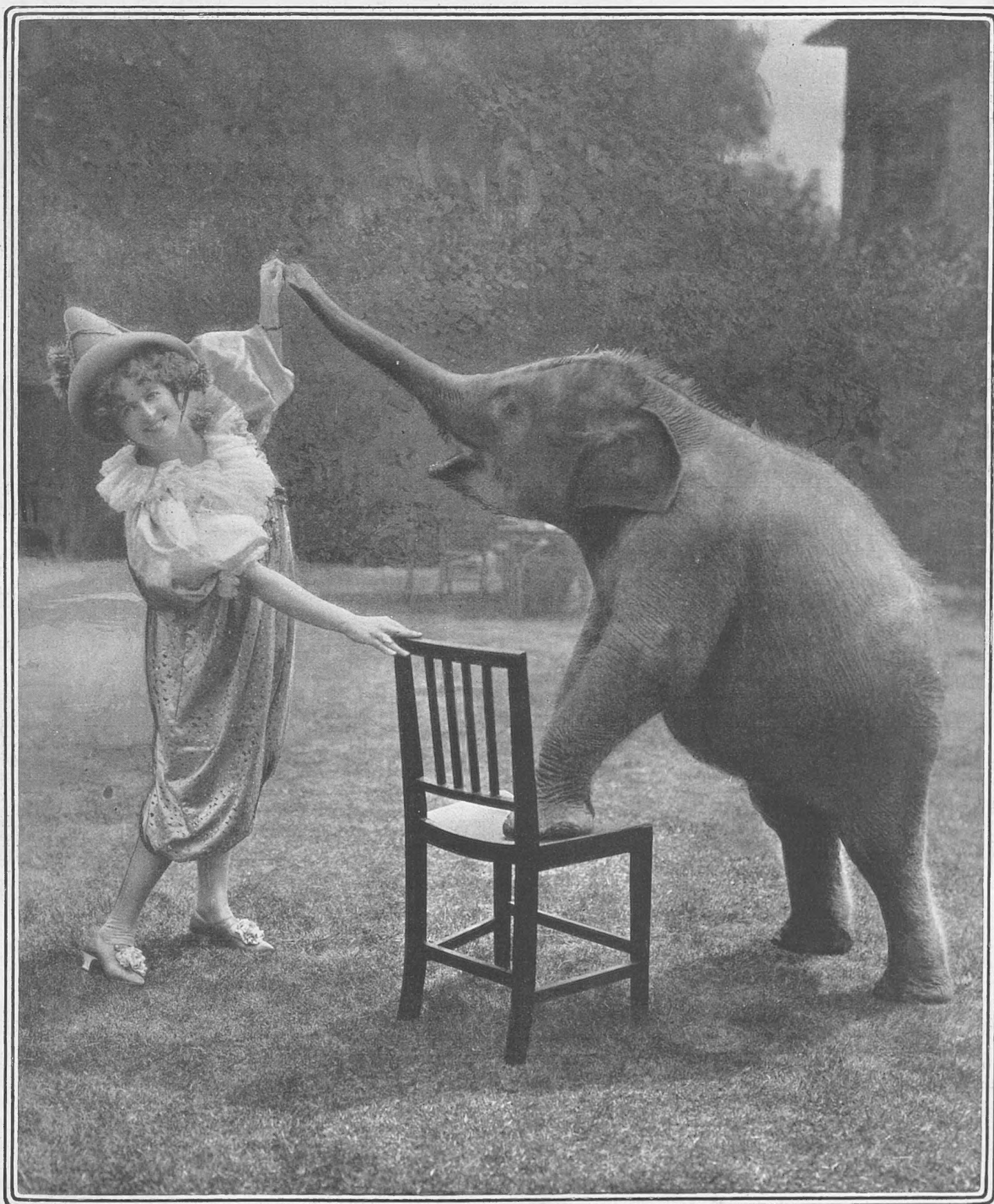
The Sketch



No. 655.—VOL. LI.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1905.

SIXPENCE.



MISS MARIE STUDHOLME IN A NEW ROLE:

THE POPULAR ACTRESS, ASSISTED BY JUMBO JUNIOR, TASTES THE JOYS OF CIRCUS-LIFE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



"Petunia Bungalow."

I AM writing in the garden. The friendly leaves of a great elm shelter me from the rays of the noonday sun, and a pleasant, south-west breeze rustles lovingly among my papers. From a neighbouring border comes a mingled scent of many old-fashioned flowers—a scent that reminds me of long, sunny, joyous mornings in the garden of my old home. There is a murmuring of bees in my ears, whilst from some distant meadow floats the steady hum of reaping-machines. I am not the only figure in the picture. A few yards away, in the very centre of the smooth lawn, sits and purrs a black kitten with innocent, quick-shifting eyes. . . . Heigho! The daily papers tell me that Europe is in a state of unrest. Well, the papers, I suppose, are right; yet it is hard to believe ugly rumours of wars and suchlike complications as I sit at my ease in the shade of the great elm. The papers, maybe, are too fond of running after troubles. Or the public, perhaps, are too fond of reading papers. I will not pursue the question further this morning, or I may forget that I am realising a literary idyll. Let me concentrate my attention on the delights of the moment. Let me repeat that I am writing in the— Beast! Get away! No? Then—take that!

I missed him, dear reader, but no matter. He will return presently, and then I shall squash him, quite flat, beneath my dictionary. In the meantime, I will return to the idyll. I am writing in the garden, sheltered from the rays of the— 'Ssh! Steady! Here he comes, as venomous-looking a wasp as ever stung a minor poet dreaming of love and dove in a hammock. See how swiftly and easily he wheels and dodges. Just let him settle for one short second, and I warrant you he shall never wheel or dodge again. 'Ssh! He's just going to settle. I have the dictionary in both hands, poisoning it above my head. Now! . . . Ach! He sails blithely over the hedge, and the dictionary lies on the grass—a foolish, crumpled mass. Still, the wasp has gone, and I may return to my idyll. After all, I am writing in the garden, and nobody can deny that I am sheltered from the rays of the noonday sun by the friendly leaves of a great elm. What a splendid work is an elm! How brave and strong, yet how delicately formed. First, the great trunk, stout and straight. Then the graceful, branching arms, stretching protectingly—er—in every direction. Finally, the slender twigs that support the wonderful network of tender leaves. It is delicious to lean back in my chair and gaze heavenwards through this waving curtain of greenery. One could— Dash it all! A beastly little insect. Dead? That's all very fine, but it means that I shall have to change my collar before lunch. I wish I had had enough sense to brush him off instead of squashing him. Really, it is exceedingly difficult to realise this idyll. I wonder whether it would help matters if I went round to the ice-bucket for a moment, and found myself something long and quite cold. Anyway, I'll try.

How delightful my little table looks from the window of the bungalow! I don't think I ever gazed upon a scene so thoroughly suggestive of literary labour under ideal conditions. From this point of view, of course, I can see neither the wasps nor the little green insects that fall from the tree. In all probability, there are none. I will just fill a pipe and then go back. These writing fellows on the stage and in pictures always have pipes in their mouths while they are working. Personally, I find that the smoke gets in my eyes; but I must persevere. An idyll is not to be realised, it seems, without effort. Where's that pipe?

Great Scott! My papers are all over the lawn. That's that cursed south-west breeze taking advantage of my absence to blow a small hurricane. I described it, I think, as rustling lovingly.

Where's that first slip, with all the pretty bits about the black kitten and the old-fashioned flowers? Is that—? Yes. The kitten's actually sitting on it! Get out of it, you little black devil. I have always disliked you, in my heart of hearts, and now I loathe you. This sheet will have to be copied out again, for I hate sending in stuff that looks careless and slovenly. I'll kill that kitten. Innocent, quick-shifting eyes, forsooth! . . . I wish it would rain. Then I could go indoors with a clear conscience, shut all the windows, and imagine myself in my own dark, prosaic, comfortable den in the middle of London. And, now I come to examine them, the clouds look distinctly threatening. I go.

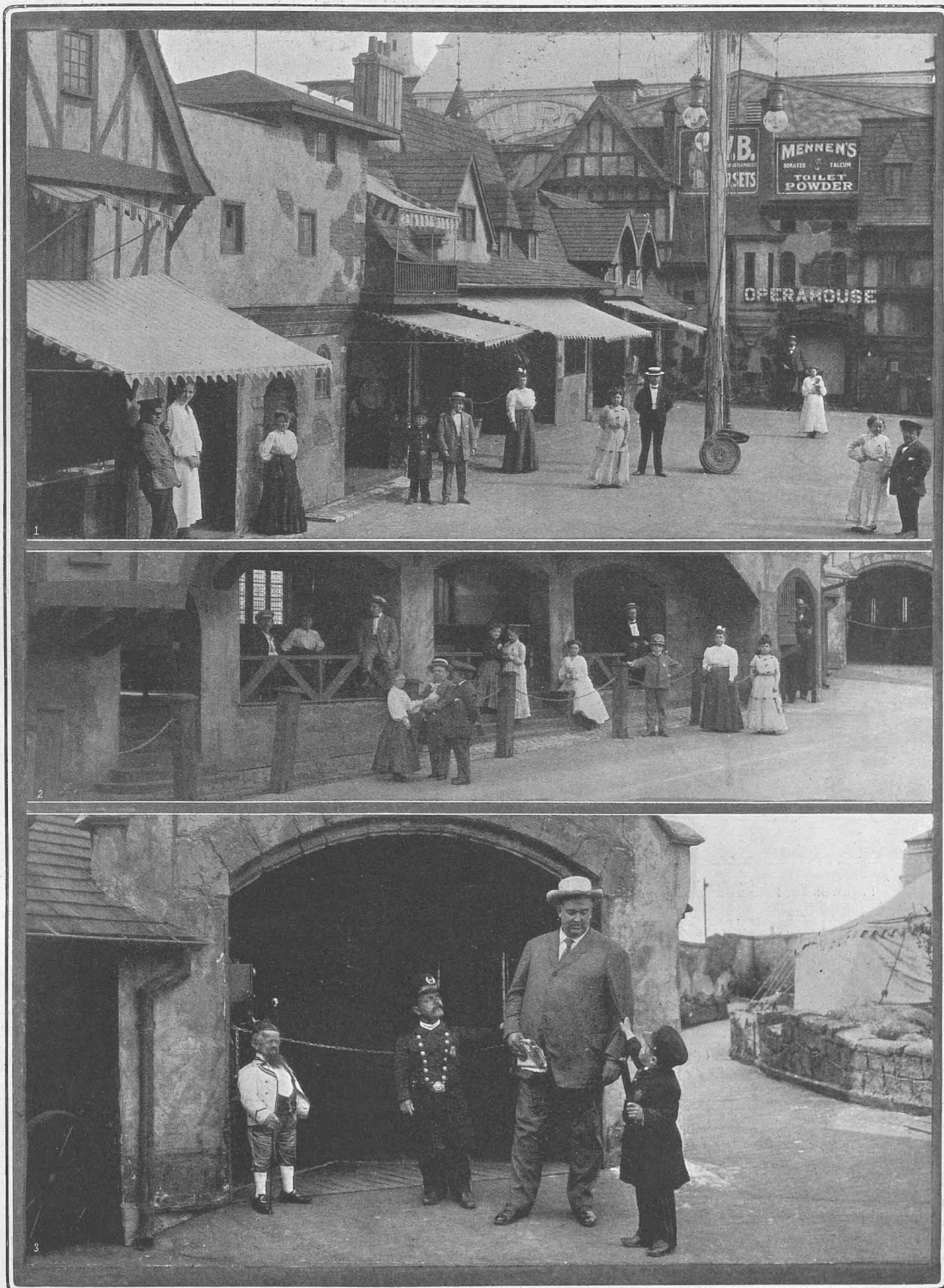
That's much better. Now I can tell you, peacefully, about the Fifteenth Annual Show of our Cottage Garden Society. We held it last Wednesday, and the local paper said that "rarely, in the annals of Long Itchingdon, has a more pleasant function passed off with such unbounded satisfaction to all those concerned in the promotion of this enjoyable event, among whom we must mention . . ." The local paper, let me tell you, did not exaggerate. I was there, from first to last, and I can support my colleague. Never have there been seen in this country such enormous vegetable-marrows, such gigantic potatoes, such colossal tomatoes. Never have the maidens of Long Itchingdon achieved such skill in the matter of fine stitching; never have the youths of Long Itchingdon exhibited samples of penmanship so bold and black. Everything, you see, made for bigness. Nothing puny found its way into the Fifteenth Annual Show of our Cottage Garden Society. Even the policeman on duty at the entrance-gate stood six-foot-four in his stockings. I know I am right, because he took off his boots to compete in the High Jump, and, before that, he had been six-foot-six. A fine man, dear reader. And fine boots.

I should have liked the policeman to win the High Jump, but, as it happened, he came second. The event, you see, was an open one, and the first prize fell to an utter stranger in beautiful red satin knickers. How we hated that stranger! There were rumours in the crowd that he was a professional, and Long Itchingdon, I can assure you, had no difficulty in believing the accusation. The ostentatious ease with which he cleared the bar at four-foot-six made our blood boil. We longed to trip him up, or throw one of the enormous vegetable-marrows at him. But, being sportsmen, we refrained, and contented ourselves with giving three hearty cheers for the policeman. In the enthusiasm of the moment, some of us tried to raise the policeman shoulder-high, with the idea of carrying him round the grounds. Eventually, though, we decided that he must take the will for the deed. It was a pity, by the way, that the local butcher, who was rather the worse for festivity, strained his back.

At half-past seven the Band "commenced a further selection," and we danced on the cricket-pitch. I dare swear, friend the reader, that you have never—except, perhaps, in rage—danced on a cricket-pitch. Indeed, I know of no other cricket-club in the country so public-spirited as the club at Long Itchingdon. Cricket-clubs, as a rule, make an absurd fuss about their pitches. They roll them, and water them, and pat them, and then, when there is no match going forward, fence them round and warn the young people of the neighbourhood to dance upon them at their peril. All the more, therefore, did we enjoy our dance on the occasion of the Fifteenth Annual Show of the Cottage Garden Society. It did one's heart good to see the policeman, who had put on his boots again, prancing and caracoling over the smooth, soft turf as happily as a young cart-horse. Even the butcher, thanks to a stout belt and the shock of the strain, was able to stand up for Sir Roger de Coverley. "Altogether," to quote once more from the local paper, "a day to be long cherished in the memory of all those present."

THE CITY OF A HUNDRED DWARFS:

MIDGET TOWN, CONEY ISLAND.



His Honour the Judge.

1. IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE OF MIDGET TOWN.

2. LILLIPUT AT HOME! IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL, MIDGET TOWN.

3. LILLIPUTIANS ARREST A BROBDINGNAGIAN FOR BREAKING BY-LAWS.

Coney Island, America's great pleasure-resort and the place of origin of many of the most ingenious side-shows calculated to charm the dime or the penny, as the case may be, from the pocket, has now added to its many attractions a dwarf town peopled by dwarf men and dwarf women. Altogether, it has a population of a hundred, and the antics of the Midget Police in particular provide considerable amusement.

Photographs by Peter A. Juley.

THE CLUBMAN.

Bengal Astir—The Agitating Calcutta "B.A."—A Mass-Meeting at Hong-Kong—Another at Calcutta.

ALL Bengal is in a ferment because Lord Curzon is going to divide the Province into two portions for administrative purposes. The brave Bengali has firmly persuaded himself that the Viceroy has done this to destroy the unity of the race, and, having this belief, he will do anything short of risking his body to prevent the scheme from being put into effect. The Bengali will talk against any two men of any other country, and Mr. Anstey's Jabberjee, although he is a caricature of the educated class from which the minor officials are drawn, is not a very exaggerated caricature.

The real danger of the present movement in Bengal is that the educated native of those parts has what we call the artistic temperament, and that, when once he persuades himself that a wrong has been done him, he works himself up to white heat and can keep at that temperature for an unlimited period. I think that, so far as comfort and peace of mind are concerned, Lord Curzon would find the neighbourhood of a disturbed wasps'-nest a restful spot

Mr. Jabberjee, B.A., orator and patriot, is projecting himself upon the curved implements which garnish a frontal dilemma.

In India and the Colonies it has generally been the British, and not the natives, who have found fault with the Government and who have held mass-meetings and protested, the grievance usually being that the brown man or the yellow man was being better-treated than the white man. There was one such mass-meeting held in Hong-Kong when Sir John Pope-Hennessy was Governor. Sir John was all in favour of the Chinese subjects under his rule, and had passed or proposed some measure which raised the ire of the white man. It was therefore decided to hold a mass-meeting in the Town Hall to protest.

Ten minutes before the time appointed for the meeting, the brokers left the Club steps and strolled down Queen's Road towards the big, white Town Hall, and the heads of Houses and their clerks changed their office-coats for their smart out-of-door garments and got into their rickshaws or chairs and told their coolies to go quickly. But when the white men of the Colony arrived at the Town Hall they found that they could not get in. John Chinaman had come down in his thousands an hour before the mass-meeting was due, had occupied the hall and all its approaches, and was busy passing resolutions supporting the



FIREWORKS FOR THE FRENCH: THE ILLUMINATIONS IN THE SOLENT IN HONOUR OF ADMIRAL CAILLARD AND THE FRENCH FLEET.

Photograph by F. G. Hodsoll.

His Majesty's Yacht.

compared to what Calcutta will be this winter. Of course, there is a comic side to this agitation, as there is to most popular movements, for some of the gentlemen who are denouncing Lord Curzon and all his works most violently would really benefit more than any other men by the change.

Bengal simply teems with young, educated natives, graduates of Calcutta University, who are qualified to fill most of the minor posts in the Government offices. The supply is greater than the demand, and there are infinitely more qualified applicants than there are posts. Many of these unemployed "B.A.'s" fill up their vacant time by denouncing the Government and all its works in fearless and lengthy speeches. Others turn their hands to any light work while waiting for some nice, fat, little appointment in one of the offices, and I know a lady in Calcutta whose gardener could always supply her with a quotation from Shakspeare, but who suggested that, as the master of the house needed exercise, he should do any digging that was required in the garden.

What the agitators amongst the "B.A.'s" are too much in earnest, for the moment, to remember is that two Provinces mean two Lieutenant-Governors, and two Lieutenant-Governors mean two sets of public offices, and two sets of public offices mean an increase of clerks, big and small, and that when Lord Curzon's plan comes into effect, if it ever does, there will be more posts open to clever young gentlemen from the Calcutta University than there ever were before. Of course, national sentiment is a fine feeling, and if Lord Curzon and his Council can find a way to calm the apprehension of the Bengalis they will be sure to welcome it; but I think that

Governor in all his views. The white men had their mass-meeting on the cricket-ground, but the laugh was against them.

A laugh told a good deal in politics in those days in Hong-Kong, and Sir John had a keen sense of humour. "H.M.S. *Pinafore*" was played by the Amateur Club of the town, a very clever body of unprofessional actors, and Mr. Beart, the secretary of the Social Club, made up Sir Joseph Porter to represent Sir John, and exactly reproduced his manner and method of speech. The feeling against the Governor was then at its height, and the theatre, in the Town Hall, was almost shaken by the roars which greeted the appearance of the Ruler of the Queen's Navee. Sir John had the photographs of the performers, all in character, put into a book, and invited Mr. Beart up to Government House to lunch. He arranged that his principal opponent in the Council should come, after lunch, to Government House on official business. When the Leader of the Opposition was shown into the Governor's study, he found His Excellency, with his arm on Mr. Beart's shoulder, laughing heartily at the photographs in the book which lay between them on their knees.

There have been mass-meetings of the British in Calcutta before now, the ones to protest against the Ilbert Bill being held in great ill-humour. It was then that the Calcutta Light Horse, which had always escorted the Viceroy into Calcutta on his arrival from "up-country," did not turn out for that duty, this being their form of protest, and Lord "Bill" Beresford had to gallop as hard as ever he had ridden in the hunting-field or on the racecourse to bring up the Body Guard in time to meet the Viceroy at the railway-station.

A GAIETY GIRL AND HER DOG.



MISS ETHEL OLIVER AND TORRY.

Miss Ethel Oliver, who played Céleste, a grisette, in "The Spring Chicken" when that piece was first produced, is now appearing in Miss Olive Morrell's part, Dulcie Babori, which she understudies. Miss Oliver ran away from home to go on the stage; was in the chorus for a few months; then played Dora Selby in "The Toreador" on tour; afterwards went to the Gaiety to under-tudy Miss Marie Studholme, whose parts she has frequently played; and later still joined the cast of "Lady Madcap" for a couple of months, in order to appear as Susan.

Photograph by Lemoilleur and Co.

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Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

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All stories, verses, and articles should be type-written.

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THE KING AS A YACHTSMAN: A NEW PORTRAIT OF HIS MAJESTY.

Photograph by Debenham.

His Majesty became Commodore of the "R. Y. S." on the death of Lord Wilton in 1882, but on his Accession he gave up that position to assume that of Patron. The Royal interest in the Jockey Club of the ocean is not one whit relaxed, however, and His Majesty invariably takes the chair at the annual dinner held at the Cowes headquarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron. He showed his love of the sea by spending his convalescence, after his terrible operation in Coronation year, in a long yachting-trip round about the British Isles. During his recent sojourn on board the *Victoria and Albert* a Council was held on the Royal Yacht, and the experience seems to have proved a pleasant one to those Privy Councillors privileged to be present.

Merry Marienbad. King Edward's "cure" at Marienbad has brought many English people to the famous little town beloved of Goethe. His Majesty is actually staying in the Hôtel Weimar, so called because the famous German poet lodged there twice, the sitting-room which Goethe occupied being now His Majesty's private study. Marienbad is a bright, happy place, the life led by those who come for the "cure" telling in favour of good nerves and cheerfulness. King Edward, though not among the very earliest risers, may be seen at the springs each morning, and he

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

YACHTING, which has been described as the most healthy and the most innocent of sports, owes a great deal to King Edward, who, as befits the Sovereign whose kingdom rules the waves, has always been in an especial sense fond of the sea. In 1877 the then Prince of Wales first won the Queen's Cup with his schooner *Hildegard*. Three years later he met with the same good fortune with his *Formosa*, and in 1895 and 1897 with the famous cutter *Britannia*.

follows the *régime* very strictly—indeed, this is probably the only time of the year when our busy Sovereign takes a thorough rest. On the other hand, when at Marienbad His Majesty indulges in what has become his favourite form of amusement, namely, motoring, and scarce a day goes by but he makes an expedition.

The Queen on Deeside.

During her stay on Deeside, Queen Alexandra will be the guest of her eldest daughter and of the Duke of Fife. Life at Mar Lodge suits Her Majesty far better than the more stately ceremonial at Balmoral, and there she is also able to indulge in her only form of sport—that of salmon-fishing. The Duchess of Fife and the latter's two young daughters are also enthusiastic fisherwomen, and they spend many happy hours on the banks of the Dee. Mar Lodge is a comparatively new house of curiously picturesque appearance. Every detail connected with the building was either planned or approved by the Duke and Duchess, and the latter designed many of the actual things in use, including some beautiful fire-irons. After a short stay in Scotland, Queen Alexandra will leave for Copenhagen, in order to spend some weeks with her beloved father.

The Kaiser in Denmark.

The Kaiser seems to have won golden opinions during his brief visit to Denmark. His Imperial Majesty has very charming manners when talking to those older than himself, and his deferential attitude towards King Christian touched all Danish hearts. During his stay in Queen Alexandra's native country, William II. saw a good deal of Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark; the latter has always been one of his favourite cousins, and it is said that he would be delighted to see her become Queen Consort of Norway. The Imperial "call" is thought in Berlin to herald another Imperial wedding. His Majesty's second son is now quite ready to assume the cares of matrimony.

Honours for the French Officers.

People have been asking why the King bestowed the Order of St. Michael and St. George in particular on the gallant French officers who have been visiting us. Of course, it is obvious enough—both the Thistle and the Bath might have been misunderstood, and even supposed to have a personal application. But, seriously, the choice was rather happy, for St. Michael is a very French saint, as French as St. George is English, and the motto of the Order, "Auspiciis melioris ævi,"



King Christian. Kaiser. Princess Charles.

A ROYAL MEETING THAT MAY BE FRAUGHT WITH MOMENT: THE KAISER CHATTING WITH PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK ON THE OCCASION OF HIS VISIT TO KING CHRISTIAN.

The Kaiser's visit to Denmark caused, as all His Imperial Majesty's movements do at the moment, a good deal of talk, sane and erratic. Whatever may have been the real purpose of the "call," outside appearances mark it as of a purely friendly character. The Kaiser was received on landing by King Christian and several members of the Royal Family, but military honours were not rendered. The festivities in honour of the occasion included a dinner-party at Bernstorff Castle, a lunch on the "Hohenzollern," and an unofficial dinner at the German Legation.

Photograph by H. Hartwig.

is full of happy omen when applied to Anglo-French relations. The Order, it may be noted, dates from the time when the Ionian Islands came under the protection of Great Britain, and was founded by the Prince Regent. Afterwards, the story goes, our representative in the Ionian Islands reported that the inhabitants had a perfect passion for Orders and decorations—he is even said to have declared that they would “crawl on their stomachs to Vienna to get them”! It was considered desirable, therefore, for political reasons, that the islanders should be indulged with a British Order by way of competition with the foreign ones, and so the Order of St. Michael and St. George, which had fallen into undeserved neglect, was enlarged and given new statutes for the purpose. The French recipients will be particularly pleased with the representation of St. Michael having a whack at Satan which is figured on the star and the badge of the Order.

A Noble Archer. The Earl of Aylesford is particularly proud of his picturesque title of “Lord Warden of the Woodmen of Arden,” a Society of Archers more ancient than any in the kingdom, with the one exception of the Royal Company of Archers. His Lordship has just presided over the annual Archery Meeting which takes place each August in Packington Park, which in old days formed part of Shakspeare's Forest of Arden. Thanks to Lord Aylesford, archery is held in high honour in the neighbourhood of Coventry, and the young people belonging to that part of the world try hard to carry off the silver arrow or one of the minor Club trophies. Once in three years a contest takes place between the Arden archers and their Scottish rivals.

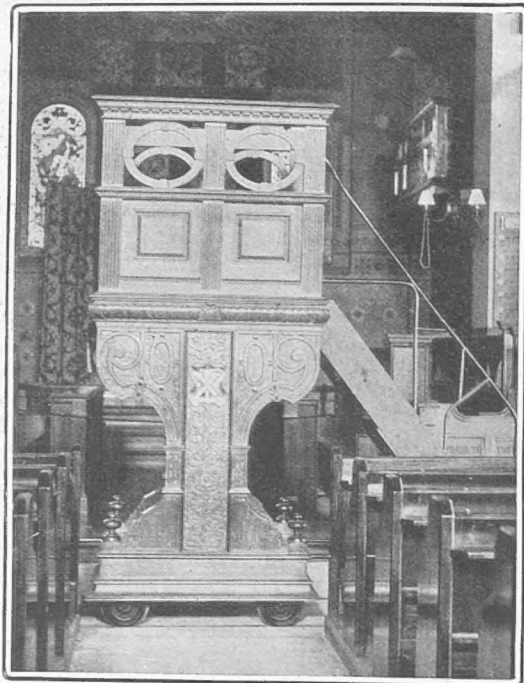
Socialism in Sandals. The House of Commons has seen many strange happenings, but surely nothing quite so strange as an M.P. in sandals! Mr. Keir Hardie, whose hat bade fair some years ago to become historic, now disdains the shoon of ordinary life, and it must be admitted that during the hot weather he was able to smile at boot-blacked humanity.



SOCIALISM AND SANDALS: MR. KEIR HARDIE, M.P., READY TO START FOR THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. Keir Hardie is evidently even more determined than Mr. “Will” Crooks to break down those conventions in dress so beloved of the Member of Parliament and the man-about-town in general. Mr. Hardie may now claim that both ends of his attire have become famous, for it is only a few years since his hat bade fair to become historic.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau



A PULPIT ON WHEELS AT ST. ANDREW'S, STOCKWELL.

When the time for the sermon arrives, the pulpit is wheeled from its normal position under the gallery to the centre of the aisle, and after the usual “twenty minutes” it is taken back there. In order that it may occupy as little space as possible, its steps are made to fold up. It is the gift of one of the parishioners.

Still, for so modest a man, the fact that fair strangers to the House consider the honourable Member's feet part of the “show” connected with taking tea on the Terrace must surely be rather embarrassing. Yet it is whispered that he has already converted several prominent M.P.'s, but they are waiting for next summer—and a Liberal Administration — to follow his example.

“Along the Shore of Silver-Streaming Thames.”

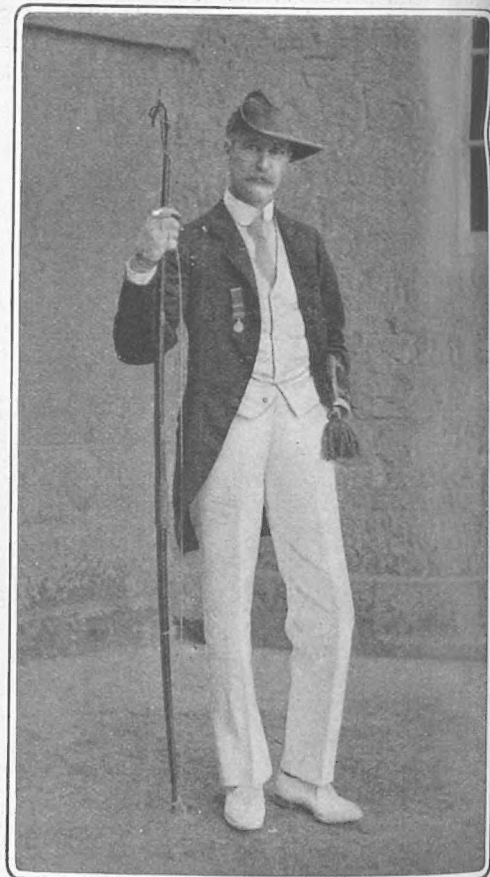
River society is an interesting world in itself, and of late years has received many notable additions, for, thanks to the motor-car and an improved train-service, the lovely reaches of the Thames are within easy distance of town. Again, in these days of strenuous life the soothing qualities of boating have been discovered to equal those of the now universal “Rest-cure,” and some of the most popular hostesses in

Society, following the example set by Lady de Grey, now spend half the Season up the River, motoring in and out of town, and even going to the Opera from their Naiad-haunted retreats. There are many historic river-houses really near London. Such, for instance, is Radnor House, Twickenham, which must have often welcomed Horace Walpole and Pope—later, perhaps, Tennyson and

Turner. A good row up-stream, Magna Charta Island has been converted into the most delightful of river-estates, now belonging to Mrs. Clifford. It is, of course, above Windsor that the finest Thames-side houses are to be found, and their very names are full of pleasing associations to the lover of our great river. Cliveden is said to hold the palm as regards stately beauty and perfect scenery. This splendid place, an almost perfect example of a great Italian villa, now belongs to the Anglo-American millionaire, Mr. W. W. Astor, and, unlike his neighbour, Mr. W. H. Grenfell, he does not allow boating-parties to land and picnic in the woods which stretch to the water's edge. Nearly opposite Cliveden is Formosa Place, the famous property of Sir George Young, and a spot beloved of boatmen.

The Upper Reaches. The Quarry Woods, belonging to the Bisham Abbey estate, are thought by some people to be quite as beautiful as those of Cliveden. They are open to the public, and form a delightful expedition from Marlow. Bisham Abbey was described by Leland as “a very pleasant, delightful place as most in England,” and the description still holds good. It is immensely old, and may count as the most interesting of all Thames-side mansions, if only because of its unique historical associations. Temple House, hard by, has often entertained our present Sovereign, for it was the property of one of the King's oldest friends, the late General Owen Williams. Yet a little further up-stream is which, once a picturesque ruin, has been. It was for some time the meeting-place of and amazing tales are told of the revels

late General Owen Medmenham Abbey, beautifully restored. the Hell-Fire Club, which used to go on within its unsanctified walls. Mapledurham has long been a beautiful landmark of the Thames. The house is one of the most perfect Elizabethan mansions in England, and now belongs to the Hon. A. H. Mills. The Goring stretch of river is exceptionally pretty and picturesque, and it is here that one of the most magnificent and luxurious of Thames-side places is to be found, that belonging to Mr. Shoolbred. Sir W. R. Clayton owns two beautiful places, Ship-lake Court and Har-leyford House, and Sir Roger Palmer Glenisland. A great impetus has been given to the social side of Thames life by the King and Queen, who when at Windsor often go on the river, much to the delight of their loyal boating subjects. Windsor Castle has been described as the most splendid river-side residence in the world, and there would be few who would dare to deny it that title.



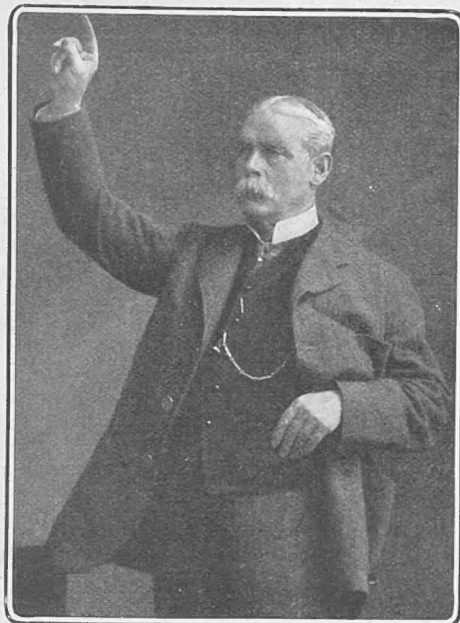
THE LORD WARDEN OF THE WOODMEN OF ARDEN: THE EARL OF AYLESFORD.

With the single exception of the Royal Company of Archers, “the Woodmen of Arden” is older than any other society of archers, and its Lord Warden is appropriately proud of it. A few days ago he presided over its annual archery-meeting in Packington Park, a meeting that seems to grow in favour year by year.

Photograph by Whitlock

A Humane Soldier. Some short time ago, kind-hearted folk were thrilled with an account by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome of how he put his finger in a rabbit-trap and found the pain greater than he could endure for more than a few moments. Other well-known people followed suit with lamentable stories of the agony gone through by poor little bunny, and occasionally by dogs and foxes, on our countrysides. Now Colonel Coulson comes forward with what he styles "the humane rabbit-trap." This clever invention nips and holds the trapped animal without hurting it, and seems to have solved a problem which has long troubled sportsmen and keepers. Colonel Coulson is a keen humanitarian, and often lectures on his favourite subject at boys' schools and wherever he thinks the seed of the gospel of kindness is likely to fall on good ground.

The Viceregal Ball. Lord and Lady Curzon's notion of a farewell ball at Simla in October may have some unexpected features, for historic costumes, it is ordained, must be worn. Of course, there will be Mr. Kipling with Kim and Mowgli, personally conducted by Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd, and Simla can certainly provide at least one lady equal to the part of Mrs. Hauksbee! But what about a group consisting of Lord Ripon and "Padgett, M.P.," with Sir Henry Cotton beaming on them? These are dreadful possibilities—indeed,



THE INVENTOR OF A PAINLESS TRAP FOR ANIMALS :

COLONEL W. L. B. COULSON.

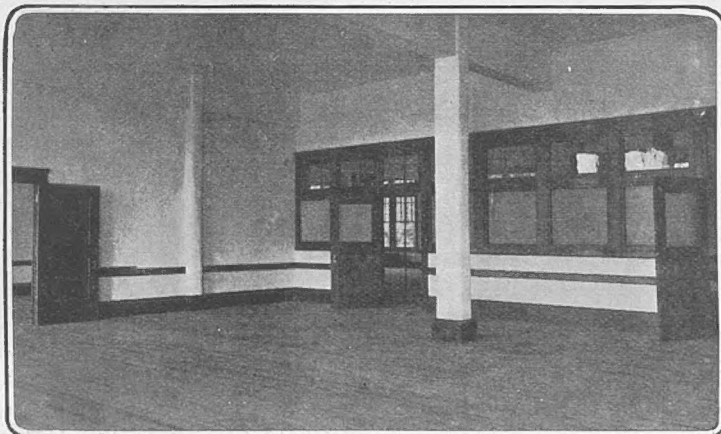
Photograph by J. Bacon and Sons.

methods of work are peculiar. His greatest "finds" have been made in complete solitude, often at night, for he has a horror of noise and interruption. No man living is more often pestered by interviewers, autograph-hunters, and callers; but he is wholly absorbed in his work, and allows nothing to disturb him. It is said that he intends making a triumphal progress through Europe in his old age.

The New "K.G." It seems natural that the Duke of Richmond and Gordon should get the Garter. Although he is not an active politician, he is the head of one of the greatest houses in the land; he owns not only Goodwood, but vast estates in the North of Scotland. He is "A.D.C." to the King, and served in South Africa. There is no doubt that he is held in high esteem by the Royal Family. He has not only entertained His Majesty at Goodwood, but has several times entertained the Prince of Wales at Gordon Castle, in Banffshire. The Duke, who is sixty, succeeded only two years ago. He has been twice married. A recent rumour that he was engaged again was promptly contradicted.

Some Summer Engagements.

Of summer betrothals the most notable is that of Miss Barbara Lister, daughter of Lord Ribblesdale's daughter, to Major H. M. Wilson, who was the commanding officer and intimate friend of his fiancée's gallant



THE SCENE OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE BETWEEN RUSSIA AND JAPAN :
THE ROOM WHICH HAS BEEN ALTERED FOR THE ENVOYS.

Both the Russian and the Japanese Peace Delegates arrived at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on the 8th of this month, and immediately inspected the accommodation provided for them. The first formal meeting of the Envoys took place on the following day in the room here shown, which had been provided with a long table, comfortable arm-chairs, and sofas.



THE SCENE OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE BETWEEN RUSSIA AND JAPAN :
THE BUILDINGS IN THE NAVY YARD, PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The greatest care is being taken to guard the Peace Envoys and to ensure secrecy, and with this object in view the buildings in which the meetings are being held are strongly guarded. The scene of the Conference is a decidedly unpretentious erection of red brick, its only outward ornament being the American flag.

there may be some impudent subaltern who is capable of getting himself up to resemble a "Superior Purzon" in the act of dining at Blenheim! Let us earnestly hope that peace may be preserved, though we do not feel at all sanguine about it, if some madman chooses to disguise himself as "Brodder," clad in khaki and wearing his German Order, and attended by a large escort of (paper) soldiers. Or what would their Excellencies say to Lord Kitchener represented as sitting on a wooden block labelled "Indian Government"? This could be wheeled in on a little truck, and would be sure of a warm reception.

The Wizard of America. Edison has been called the Napoleon of inventors, and in some ways he strongly recalls the great conqueror. His



THE WORKSHOP OF THE WIZARD OF AMERICA : MR. EDISON'S LABORATORY, SHOWING HIS DESK.

brother, Mr. Thomas Lister, whose death in battle while on active service was a terrible grief to his family. Miss Lister is very brilliant as well

as pretty, and is said to recall her aunt, Mrs. Asquith, as a girl. The Duke of Leeds' sister, Lady Alexandra Osborne, is engaged to Mr. Cecil Paget, the only son of a Nottinghamshire Baronet; the bride-elect is, as her name implies, one of Queen Alexandra's god-daughters. Many people will be interested to learn of the approaching marriage of the late Sir Edward Sullivan's daughter to Mr. Arthur Robert, a rich American who is fond of England. Another engagement announced is that of Lieut.-Col. P. J. Hanham-Aplin, D.S.O., 107th Pioneers, and Mary Bertha, younger daughter of Brigade-Surgeon C. F. Oldham, of The Lodge, Great Bealings, Suffolk.

An "Entente Cordiale" Hostess.

Lady Gort and her young son the reigning Peer, who will not be of age for another two years, gave a splendid garden-party at East Cowes last week. The officers of the French Fleet mustered in great force, and all yachting society, headed by Royalty, in the person of Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, graced the delightful gathering. Lady Gort issued six hundred invitations, and her garden-party will certainly remain in the minds of our French guests as one of the most enjoyable functions connected with their visit. Lady Gort was one of the few modern hostesses whose company was much appreciated by Queen Victoria, and, owing to the proximity of East Cowes Castle to Osborne House, both the late Lord Gort and his wife were on very intimate terms with the Royal Family. Lady Gort was, before her marriage, Miss Eleanor Surtees, and owner in her own right of Hamsterley Hall, near Durham. Sportsmen are grateful to Lady Gort's father for the immortal Jorrock and many other delightful characters.

Our Russian Imperial Guest.

The Grand Duke Michael has won a great place in English Society. Not only is he an intimate friend of the King, but he has become a noted Yorkshire host, and the Countess Torby and himself are immensely popular in the neighbourhood of Keele Hall, where they make a point of performing the social duties that would belong to them had they been born and bred in that part of the world. Exiled from Russia owing to the fact that he married to suit himself rather than the Emperor, the Grand Duke spends his life between France and England. He has been nicknamed "The King of Cannes," but he seems quite as fond of his English home as he does of the Villa Kasbeck, and each year sees him spending more and more time in Yorkshire. His children, two of whom had King Edward as godfather, have charming manners, and generally accompany their mother to the functions near Keele Hall that are graced by her presence.

The Young Idea to Shoot.

"Jimmy" Thomson's famous lines, Delightful task! to rear the tender thought, To teach the young idea how to shoot, are rapidly acquiring a new significance, in view of Lord Raglan's list of Public Schools where shooting is now compulsory. Whether Paterfamilias will be as pleased as his Lordship is more than doubtful.

At any rate, he will have to pay, and "Rent of Rifle" will figure in the school-bills, together with "Racquets" and "Cartridges," and claim a place with "Cricket." Then the British parent will arise in his might and write to the papers to know why his peaceful little olive-branches should be forcibly instructed in the arts of war. As for Materfamilias, she will be quite beside herself with the thought that not only will the boys shoot one another at school, but also that they will finish off the whole family and all the live-stock during the holidays.

"O Sophonisba!" Mention of "Jimmy" Thomson irresistibly recalls the story of his famous line in Act III., Scene 2, of "Sophonisba"—

O Sophonisba! Sophonisba, O!—

probably the most pedestrian line in all English poetry. Tennyson once tried to invent a more prosaic line, and succeeded in producing, in imitation of Wordsworth—

A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman,

which is certainly pretty good. But Thomson's performance led one of his good-natured friends to address him as—

O Jimmy Thomson! Jimmy Thomson, O!

with the result that the poet altered the line in subsequent editions of the play to—

O Sophonisba! I am wholly thine.

The Price of a Husband.

There is a certain widow in America who has the courage of her opinions. Her husband, who was a missionary in Persia, was involved in a little disagreement with a dervish, and in the result the widow priced her late lamented at 30,000 dollars, say £6,000. The Persian Government, being prevented by circumstances from punishing the dervish, who had, no doubt, remembered an important engagement in some other country, nobly paid up 50,000 dollars as compensation for the whole job. But the bereaved one knew to a dollar what the reverend gentleman was worth. Thirty thousand was his price; a cent more would be sheer imposition. She was not putting the late pastor up to auction; she was conducting no rummage-sale of deceased missionaries. If the Persian Government thought her husband was honestly worth an extra twenty thousand, she begged to differ, and she flatly declined to take a nickel over her original estimate, which was based on expert knowledge of the deceased. Verily, a worthy countrywoman of George Washington! Let husbands in other countries ask themselves how much they would be valued at by their widows if they came to a violent end.



A HOSTESS OF THE FRENCH OFFICERS AT COWES:
LADY GORT.

Viscountess Gort gave her garden-party in honour of the visit of the French Fleet on the Tuesday, and among her guests were Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and Princess Ena of Battenberg. In all, six hundred invitations were issued.

Photograph by Debenham.



Lord Winchilsea. Grand Duke Michael.

Lord Maidstone.

"THE KING OF CANNES" IN WALES: THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL ON THE LINKS OF THE ROYAL ST. DAVID'S GOLF CLUB, HARLECH.

The Grand Duke Michael has been dubbed "The King of Cannes," but he is also very much at home in this country, and is a noted Yorkshire host. The party shown in our photograph includes, in addition to the Grand Duke, the Earl of Winchilsea and Viscount Maidstone.

Photograph by J. Maclardy, Oswestry.

PIERROT ON A PEDESTAL.



A NEW PORTRAIT OF MISS WINIFRED HARE.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I AM pleased to read some vigorous and well-timed protests against the shooting of sea-gulls by the common or seashore variety of cad. All over the coasts of this island the sea-gull makes his home, and on certain parts of the Yorkshire coast, notably at Flamborough and Bridlington, he is to be met in thousands, adding very considerably to the beauty of the wild coast-line. That the wretched cad who can beg or borrow a gun should be at liberty to destroy or maim such beautiful birds for the mere pleasure of destruction is matter for great regret; but the scandal is a very open and notorious one, and public opinion should be stirred in the matter. The sight of gulls that have been badly wounded and left to die upon the water is one that must fill every true sportsman and humanitarian with feelings of anger and disgust, and, if our Legislature cannot put a stop to a custom that has nothing to defend it, the necessary powers should be sought from Parliament.

The Growth of Esperanto.

While Portsmouth, in England, has witnessed the reception of a French Fleet by a British King, and Portsmouth, U.S.A., has seen the Russian and Japanese Envoys meet for the discussion of peace terms, Boulogne has been the scene of a Conference that, if its founders be justified of their hopes, is destined to do more than either of the Portsmouth meetings to preserve the peace of the world. For Boulogne has been the scene of an Esperanto Congress, a gathering that is to spread to the few millions who are still benighted the glad tidings of a universal language. Already Esperanto boasts some quarter of a million followers and the beginnings of a literature; some score of nationalities might have been found represented at the Congress, and a very great enthusiasm for world-progress seems to dominate the minds of Esperanto's followers. I see great uses for the language. For years to come it should be the most reliable and dignified medium for blasphemy. It should serve for the leading articles of welcome that we devote to visitors from foreign lands—one daily paper received the French Fleet with a leader in the tongue of Paris—and it might well serve for all Silly Season correspondence and debates upon the Fiscal Question. Doubtless there are other possibilities before the new tongue, better known to its supporters than to me. I have met only one man who spoke the language, and his pride in the accomplishment seemed to me to be out of all proportion to its utility. Like so many useful things, it is not beautiful.

The Hooligan in Private Parks.

The announcement that the Earl of Chichester has felt compelled to close Stanmer Park to the public will occasion more regret than surprise. In many quarters the owners of beautiful estates are finding the behaviour of a small section of the public quite impossible. While nine

out of ten people are content to deport themselves with perfect propriety, the tenth is frequently a Hooligan, particularly if the occasion be a Bank Holiday. If he could reach the Garden of Eden, he would litter it with paper, trample down the choice shrubs, and dent the lawns with his hobnails, what time he sang secular songs to the rousing strains of the concertina. Outside Eden, in the park of a mere nobleman or private gentleman, he has no use at all for restraint, and the park is to him what house-roofs are to the average cat. It is an unfortunate fact that the Hooligan can do more harm in a day than a well-ordered crowd can atone for in a year, and, unless holiday-makers band themselves together to suppress or destroy the creature, many landowners who cannot afford to support a large staff of park-keepers will be compelled to close their gates to the public.

South-West Africa. While the Kaiser rages furiously and various Continental Powers imagine vain things, the rebellion against the mailed fist in South-West Africa proceeds apace, and does not flatter the greatest of the world's military Powers. General von Trotha has not made a success of his job, the offer of so much per head for leading insurgents has not met with the success such generosity demands, and the Fatherland is sending out another five thousand pairs of mailed fists for the greater glory of Germany and the better reduction of a hostile country. Meanwhile the bill mounts up, and the Social Democrats, whose rôle in life is to give utterance to disagreeable home or colonial truths, do not pass the occasion by. I am inclined to believe that, if the Hereros, Witbois, and other smart strangers continue to persevere, they may yet come to terms with their friends from Europe.

The Pasteur Institute.

I remember having a chat about vivisection a few years ago in Paris with Dr. Oscar Marmorek, the brilliant scientist who was then at the head of the Pasteur Institute. Dr. Marmorek is a man who has the courage of his opinions, even though those opinions be unpopular, and he denounced the anti-vivisectionists without sparing them at all. "For myself," he said, "I regard vivisection as necessary in the interests of human life and progress, and so that mankind be served I am quite satisfied."

The publication of the reports of last year's work at the famous Institute seems to justify Dr. Marmorek. I read that, while seven hundred and fifty-five persons were treated for hydrophobia in Paris during 1904, the deaths were three, the mortality rate being 0.39 per cent. Even this is regarded as a high rate, and is, indeed, the highest in the past seven years. The natural instinct of a healthy man is to object to vivisection and all its votaries, but facts are stubborn things, and there is no doubt that the ugly practice has been fatal to hydrophobia.



THE GREAT AIR-SHIP FÊTE AT BRUSSELS: A REPRODUCTION OF THE FAMOUS BALLOON "MONTGOLFIER" BEING FILLED BY THE HOT FUMES FROM BURNING STRAW.



THE GREAT AIR-SHIP FÊTE AT BRUSSELS: MODERN WAR-BALLOONS, SHOWING THE CABLE-CARRIAGE ON THE RIGHT AND THE GAS-CARRIAGES ON THE LEFT.

The Belgian Aéro Club recently organised an Air-ship Fête in the Parc du Cinquantenaire, Brussels, and was aided in the matter by the Belgian Government and the town of Brussels, the former providing soldiers to handle the balloons. Each air-ship was filled and manoeuvred exactly as was its original, and the men who managed it wore the costume of the period to which their charge belonged.

Photographs supplied by A. Pierre.

“LUCKY MISS DEAN,” AT THE CRITERION.



Frederick Ware (Mr. H. Marsh Allen). Acacia Dean (Miss Ethel Irving).

FRED.: “CONFOUND IT! I’VE WIPED THE HANDLE OFF ANOTHER CUP.”



Wilfrid Ashmole (Mr. George Elton).

WILFRID: “YOU KNOW *THAT* DON’T WEIGH ONE-AND-NINE.”



Frederick Ware.

Acacia Dean.

Lady Ashmole (Miss Kate Bishop).

Percival Chaney (Mr. Holman Clark).

“THESE, TOO!”

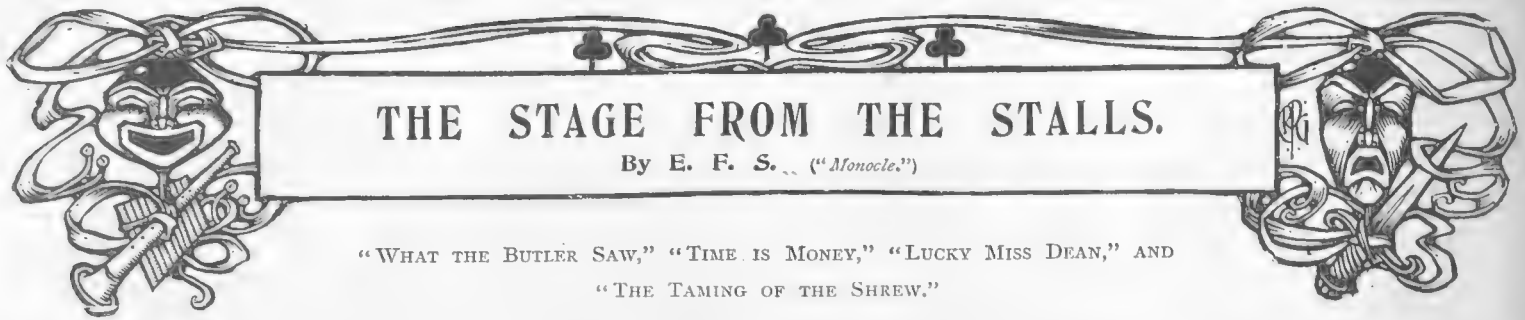


FRED.: “TWO CHEQUES—AND WE CAN’T USE EITHER OF THEM.”



FRED.: “THIS HAS THE MAKING OF AN EXCELLENT STEAK.”

Acacia Dean is secretly married to Frederick Ware, a young and, of course, impecunious artist. Ware has produced a portrait of his young wife, and this suggests to him a brilliant method of advertising his work and meeting his monetary difficulties. He inserts in a daily paper a paragraph stating that a rich man who had fallen in love with Acacia's portrait had died and had left a fortune of £300,000 to the original. The ruse is successful, attracting commissions to him and relatives to her. It is then that Wilfrid Ashmole succeeds in causing complications by wishing to marry Acacia, and, money having again run short, Acacia takes advantage of the position to ask him to buy Ware's portrait of herself for her. Horace Chaney endeavours to win Acacia's affection by the same method, but meantime the picture is sold to a third party. Eventually things are in such a state of muddle that Ware seizes the opportunity given by a rich American who has asked him to go to Paris to paint a portrait of his daughter, and gets away to France with his wife.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"WHAT THE BUTLER SAW," "TIME IS MONEY," "LUCKY MISS DEAN," AND
"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

THE butler did not see a great deal, nor was the audience much more lucky than the butler. There were three Acts of farce passing in a Hydro., a locality new to the stage, so far as I know, and certainly promising; but the "learned" County Court Judge—assuming that a County Court Judge is entitled to the amiable and sometimes sarcastic epithet "learned"—and his collaborateur, Mr. F. Mouillot, have not found anything exactly fresh in the humours of the Hydro., whilst the dialogue suggests too careful a study of the columns of a picture-paper which boldly publishes a page called "Under the Chestnut Tree." Certainly the house seemed to be amused, and some of the jokes were funny. The piece is based upon the serviceable and well-tried idea of a husband who pretends that his wife is his sister. The earliest instance on record of this device is to be found in Genesis, and from those distant days of Abraham till the present—whether one accepts Bishop Ussher's view of the length of time or not—it has always happened that the husband has had to suffer from jealousy when he denies his wife. We could not expect a Judge to violate the precedents, though, regarding ourselves as the Court of Appeal, or Divisional Court, to be more accurate, I think he would have escaped a wiggling if he had given something a little more novel than the flirtations of Mrs. Barrington, who was passed off as the sister of her fascinating Irish husband, or the Pickwickian adventure of Mr. Barrington, who made a mistake about the number of his wife's bedroom and got bitten by a parrot in consequence. The heartiest laughter of the evening was caused in the last Act by the parrot: this statement is not altogether flattering to the human beings. However, there was abundance of applause, and it may be that the very big wigs in the house on the first-night, amongst them a Lord Chancellor of Ireland, were as much amused as pit and gallery, which is saying a good deal. The fact that few of a long cast distinguished themselves also says a good deal. One felt that Mr. Graham Browne, in what would once have been called a Wyndham part, ought to have held the house more firmly, yet no fault can be found with his clever, lively performance. Mrs. Mouillot, the sister-wife, was very agreeable, if a little bit too much inclined to imitate the monotonous method of Miss Compton. Somehow, the other people, though several of them are clever, could not exactly achieve success. Mr. Arthur Rigby was quite skilful as the Cockney butler; Miss Cicely Richards, the spinster whose bedroom was invaded, handled a rather delicate situation—some may think the adjective exactly incorrect—very tactfully. Of course, Mr. Volpé, who represented an old Professor, acted well. Still, none of them managed to cause a great impression.

By way of answer to the complaint that the curtain-raiser is neglected, the Criterion Theatre has given us a *lever de rideau* in

which no less an actor than Mr. Charles Hawtrey takes a part. "Time is Money," the work in question, shows a little too grimly how quickly the clock moves in the theatre. It does not seem a very long time since it was a lively, fresh comedietta, but the other night one felt a little grieved that the actor should be using his gifts, and using them very ably, upon such mechanical humours and trifling verbal quips. However, a good deal of it is amusing. The favourite was in excellent form, and well supported by Miss Mona Harrison and Miss Dorothy Hammond. After the slightly jejune comicalities of "What the Butler Saw," it was very agreeable to have so fresh a work as "Lucky Miss Dean." Mr. Sidney Bowkett, the author, has found quite a novel treatment for what in reality is the basis of "What the Butler Saw." In his piece, also, the main idea is the concealment of their marriage by a married couple. He has managed, however, to give a new twist to it, and a fresh flavour, even a touch of what journalists call actuality, by

introducing the idea of the young artist who got a paragraph into a paper stating that his Academy portrait of his wife had caused a millionaire to leave a fortune to her. Really, the idea is very cleverly used, and even for a while there is quite a touch of poetical justice, as when one finds that the first consequence of the fib is that the wife's family discontinue the allowance of £200 a year on which the young couple relied for bread-and-butter, and that the second is that she gets



Mrs. Murray (Miss Dorothy Hammond).

Susan (Miss Mona Harrison).

Charles Hawtrey (Mr. Charles Hawtrey).

MR. CHARLES HAWTREY IN A CURTAIN-RAISER: "TIME IS MONEY," AT THE CRITERION.

Photograph by the Play Pictorial.

pestered with the mercenary attentions of her cousins, who used to scorn her. A pleasant feature of the affair is the fact that Mr. Bowkett keeps within the bounds of light comedy, and, with the very able assistance of Miss Ethel Irving, produces some effective small touches of pathos; indeed, the conclusion of the first Act, where lucky Miss Dean, after being somewhat anxiously delighted by her husband's scheme, discovers that it has brought utter disaster, is quite a fine little piece of drama. Throughout, her playing was of very great interest. One can easily imagine the play acted in the customary farcical style and decidedly effective, but the admirable art of Miss Irving lifted it and gave a truly human feeling. Mr. Marsh Allen acted cleverly as the young artist, and Mr. George Elton made a "hit" in a small character-part, whilst Miss Kate Bishop and Messrs. Holman Clark and Kightley completed a really excellent cast.

"The Taming of the Shrew," at the Adelphi, is now running gaily. Laughter is rarely so loud as that which greets the ingenious ferocity of Mr. Oscar Asche, whose acting as Christopher Sly in the induction really is very clever. Miss Lily Brayton's wonderful performance as Katharine shows no diminution of broad, comic force. Mr. Kitts, the new Grumio, was ingeniously amusing, and the rest enter capitally into the lively spirit of the performance.

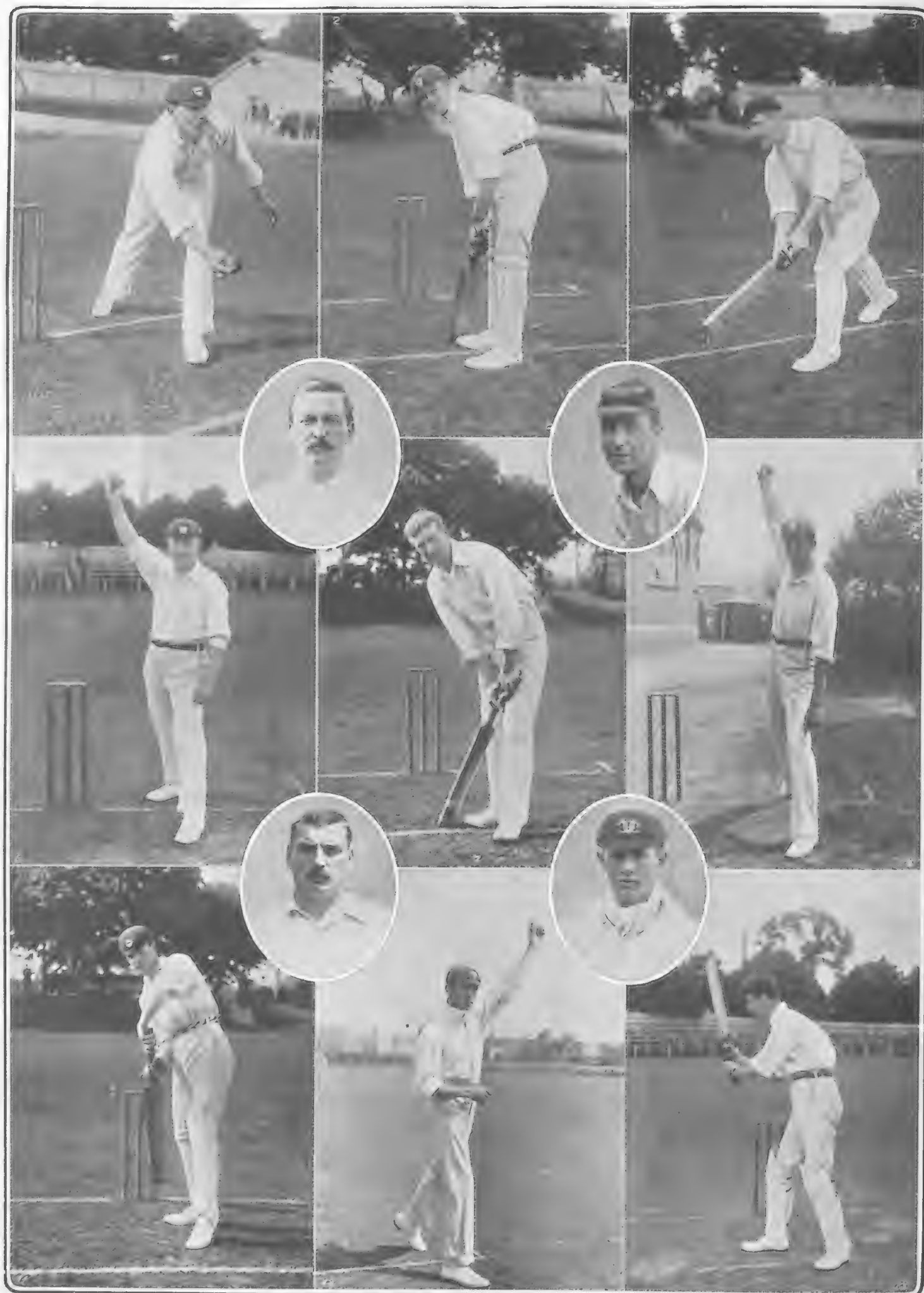
A NEW LITTLE MICHU.



MISS DENISE ORME, WHO IS NOW PLAYING MISS MABEL GREEN'S PART,
MARIE BLANCHE, IN "THE LITTLE MICHUS," AT DALY'S.

Photograph by Langfier.

COUNTY CRICKET: THE FIRST-CLASS TEAMS.—X. WORCESTERSHIRE.



1. G. H. SIMPSON-HAYWARD. 2. PEARSON. 3. WHELDON. 4. WILSON. 5. R. BRINTON. 6. BIRD. 7. H. K. FOSTER (CAPTAIN).
8. ARNOLD. 9. BURROWS. 10. G. N. FOSTER. 11. W. B. BURNS. 12. CUFFE. 13. BOWLEY.

THE "VIVANDIÈRE" WHO HAS WON A MILLION FRANCS.



MME. HOFER, CANTINIÈRE OF THE 28TH DRAGOONS, WHO HELD THE WINNING TICKET IN THE PARIS PRESS LOTTERY.

Mme. Hofer, who won the chief prize in the Press Lottery the other day with one of the three tickets she had purchased (Number 2,174, Series 77), is thirty-eight, a widow, and childless. Her regiment has already benefited to the extent of a barrel of wine per squadron by its cantinière's good-fortune, and the debts it owes her are now to go to the poor. Since the luck came to her, Mme. Hofer has had numerous offers of marriage to reject, and she has given 10,000 francs to a fund organised by a French newspaper to enable poor children to have a day or two in the country. It is rumoured, also, that she intends to adopt the two boys, Chariot and Agasse, who drew the numbers that brought her francs and fame.

THE HAZARDS OF SPORT.



YOUNG BLOOD: Ought to have killed something that time, Joe!

JOE: Yes, Sir, you ought. But the Colonel 'e do dodge uncommon smart.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

Some Social Pests.



I.—THE PIER-KING.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE multiplication of reprints, especially of small, cheap, and tasteful reprints, is a main feature of the publishing business to-day. A writer in the *Times* has given a good history of the cheap reprint in England. His list is by no means complete, but it is very fairly satisfactory. The fashion of reprints changes. Messrs. Longmans, if I remember rightly, led the way in those large quarto reprints which included "The Voyage of the *Sunbeam*." These were very popular for a time, but suddenly disappeared. Messrs. Cassell's enterprise, the "National Library" in threepenny volumes, is mentioned, but there was a rival to it edited by H. R. Haweis. A good many volumes were published, but I question whether they were remunerative. At present prices, reprints can only pay if very large numbers are sold. In a series, the unsuccessful volumes may do more than cancel the profits of the successful. The danger is, when prices are low, that a new fashion may suddenly set in and leave the old stereotypes useless. The introduction of India-paper has made quite a revolution in the reprint business, and has made possible the marvellous sixpenny classics of Messrs. Nelson. Henry Bohn made money on his numerous and excellent libraries. They were, for their time, most creditable productions. It is fashionable to laugh at the translations, but some of them are very good indeed, notably the "Elective Affinities" of Goethe, which was done by no less a man than Mr. J. A. Froude. The *Times* writer might have said something of a provincial enterprise, the "Cottage Library" of Messrs. Milner and Sowerby, of Halifax. These were the first reprints that really reached the cottage-home. It was the habit of the projectors to take them to the fairs throughout the country. They are still published and still have a large circulation.

Are the cheap reprints read by those who buy them? That is a question which no one can answer. If they are read, then the outlook is brighter than many people think. But is it possible that persons who care for the average serial fiction of to-day can take any pleasure in Scott? Dr. Georg Brandes dismisses Scott as "the favourite author of boys and girls of fourteen or thereabouts, an author whom all grown-up people have read, and no grown-up people read." Those who have been secretly of Dr. Brandes' mind may now find courage to express their opinions, and their numerical force may be disquieting. The *London Journal*, when at the height of its popularity forty years ago, began to publish "Ivanhoe" in serial form, with the result that the paper lost almost all its subscribers. A change of proprietorship, however, was effected just in time, and the stories of Pierce Egan and Emma D. E. M. Southworth soon brought the readers back.

Miss Corelli's next long novel will be published by Messrs. Constable during 1906. No more specific date can be given at present.

Mr. Nutt is to publish during the forthcoming season the works of William Ernest Henley in a library edition of which the

issue will be limited. He will also continue his excellent Tudor translations series.

Mr. Philip Wellby announces "His Private Life," by H. Smith, a new work by a new writer, and says: "This powerful and brilliant story will undoubtedly place the author in the front rank of popular novelists."

For many years one has looked to the *Athenæum* for what may be called authoritative views of Mr. Swinburne's books. His prose book, "Love's Cross-Currents," has provoked some difference of opinion among uninspired critics, and it is comforting to hear the pronouncement of the final Court. First, then, as to the policy or

impolicy of giving to the world an early work of a great writer, we are told that the book has already been published, and so the question comes to an end. Further, it was written not when Mr. Swinburne was forty years of age, but when he was twenty-four. Then: "With regard to the merits or demerits of the book, any critic who should say that its literary quality is not of a high order ought at once to abandon his profession. He has clearly mistaken his vocation. It would be hard to exaggerate the concision, the polish, and the perfect prose-rhythm of these letters." Again: "These letters are so 'undulating and diverse' in mood, so brilliant in form, that they are sure to live as letters apart from their relation to each other, and to the tenuous story in which they are set. Lady Midhurst's letters alone ought to be cherished by the busy connoisseurs who ransack two hemispheres for lost Lambs." Well, to be sure!

It is a fact not generally known that the hero of John Hay's celebrated poem, "Little Breeches," is still living. He is a son of Solomon Van Scoy, of New Virginia, Indiana, and is now a farmer living near Letts. Mr. Laren Talbott, of Sioux City, a cousin, recalls the incident on which the poem was based, and tells it as follows: "My cousin

was about four years old when he broke into fame. Van Scoy was driving a spirited team near New Virginia one day, and when he got out of the wagon for a minute the team dashed away, with the boy in the wagon. The horses went over ditches, fences, and brush-piles. Finally, the wagon was overturned, and the little fellow was thrown head first into a drove of sheep. The father and friends, running frantically in an effort to catch the runaways, saw the accident to the boy. The father rushed to the spot, fearing to find the little fellow dead, but on the approach of his father the boy sat up and said: 'Dad, give me a chaw of terbacker.' That was the incident which prompted John Hay to write his famous verses."

The first of Tolstoy's books to be translated into English was "Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth." It appeared in Russian about 1852, and was rendered into English more than forty years ago by Basil Popov. The book produced no sensation whatever. Both "Voina i Mir" and "Anna Karenina" had appeared a considerable time before anything was heard about them in this country. O. O.



IN CANNIBAL-LAND: TOO LATE!

ANXIOUS CURATE: Where shall I find the Vic—ah?

DRAWN BY STANGER PRITCHARD.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS: THE FÊTE DES VIGNERONS AT VEVEY.

SCENES AT THE SWISS NATIONAL FESTIVAL.



The Fête des Vignerons is celebrated once every twenty years, and is organised by the Brotherhood of the Vinedressers, a body founded in the 16th century. It has just taken place this year at Vevey—from the fourth of this month until the eleventh. In earlier days it resolved itself into a comparatively ordinary procession of the Company and a quiet banquet; nowadays it provides an elaborate allegorical representation of rural life during the four seasons and calls for some eighteen hundred performers. The *mise-en-scène* is the market-place of Vevey.

Photographs by V. Pasche and Co.

FUTURE STARS OF PARIS: WINNERS OF FIRST PRIZES AT THE PARIS CONSERVATOIRE LAST MONTH.



KNIGHT.

1. FIRST PRIZE FOR COMEDY ("MARIAGE BLANC"): Mlle. BURGÉ (21 YEARS 5 MONTHS OLD).

2. FIRST PRIZE FOR OPERA ("PATRIE") AND FIRST PRIZE FOR SINGING ("ALCESTE"): Mlle. MANCINI (23 YEARS 8 MONTHS OLD).

3. FIRST PRIZE FOR SINGING ("ALCESTE") AND FIRST PRIZE FOR OPERA ("ARMIDE"): Mlle. MARIE CHENAL (23 YEARS 10 MONTHS OLD).

4. FIRST PRIZE FOR TRAGEDY ("PHÈDRE"): Mlle. VENTURA (18 YEARS 11 MONTHS OLD).

5. FIRST PRIZE FOR SINGING ("ALCESTE"): Mlle. MIRAL (20 YEARS 1 MONTH OLD).

6. FIRST PRIZE FOR COMEDY ("LES RAUTZEAU"): M. BROU (23 YEARS 11 MONTHS OLD).

7. FIRST PRIZE FOR COMIC - OPERA ("CARMEN"): M. LUCAZEAU (25 YEARS 8 MONTHS OLD).

8. FIRST PRIZE FOR OPERA ("ŒDIPUS À COLONE"): M. GEORGES PETIT (21 YEARS 10 MONTHS OLD).

9. FIRST PRIZE FOR SINGING ("DARDANUS"): M. CARBELLY (27 YEARS 11 MONTHS OLD).

10. FIRST PRIZE FOR PIANO (BACH'S "PRÉLUDE EN RÉ" AND CHOPIN'S "ALLEGRO DE CONCERT"): Mlle. CAFFARET (11 YEARS 10 MONTHS OLD).

11. FIRST PRIZE FOR OPERA ("CHARLES IV"): M. CORPAIT (27 YEARS 6 MONTHS OLD).

12. CANDIDATES AWAITING THEIR TURN TO APPEAR.

Photographs by Du Guy, H. Manuël, and Paul Boyer.

A PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE FOR DALY'S.

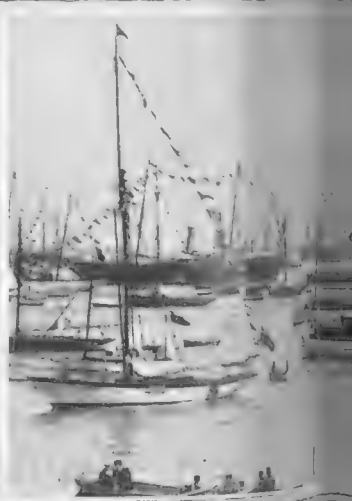
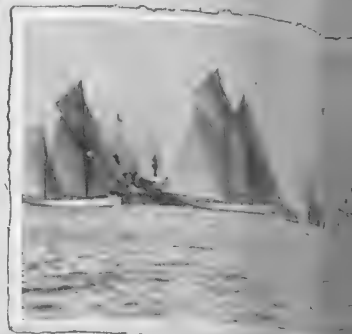


Mlle. ADELINE GENÉE, WHO IS TO DANCE IN "THE LITTLE MICHUS."

The temporary closing of the Empire gives Mlle. Genée—undoubtedly the best, as she is the most popular, première danseuse who has been seen in this country for several years—opportunity to appear on another stage. Daly's is to have the advantage of her talent, and she will dance in the Second Act of "The Little Michus."

Four Photographs by Ellis and Walery; centre by Bassano.

BUNTING AND BROTHERHOOD: COWES REGATTA



1. YACHTS JOCKEYING FOR POSITION.

4. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE HARBOUR ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE REGATTA.

7. THE FRENCH FLEET, WITH THE "AMIRAL TRÉHOUART" IN THE FOREGROUND.

2. THE "METEOR" AND OTHER C

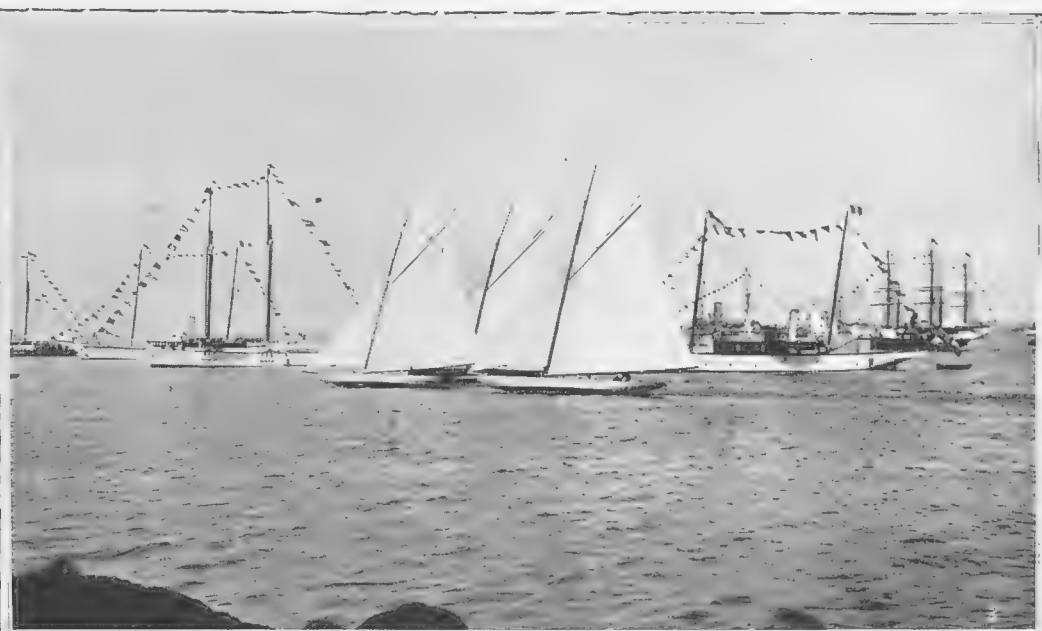
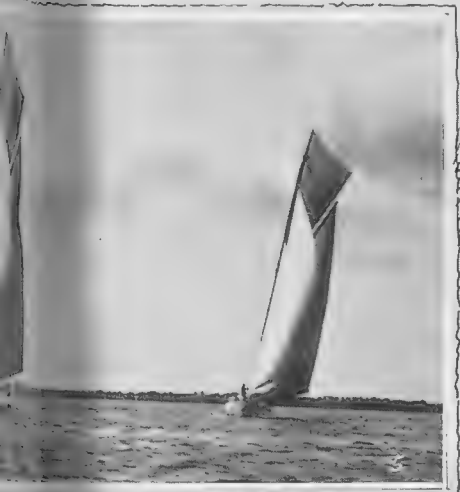
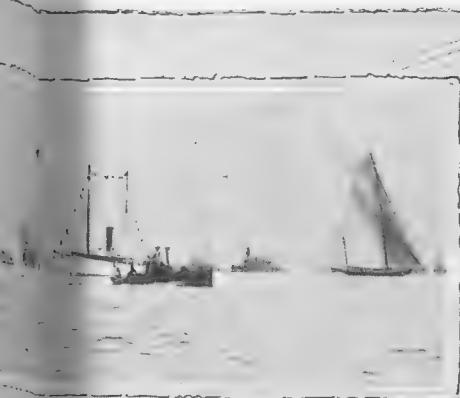
FLAGSHIP "MASSÉNA" AN

5. THE START

8. HIS MAJESTY'S YACHTS, WITH

Photographs Numbers 2, 5, and 8 by

EGATA AND THE VISIT OF THE FRENCH FLEET.



ER COUS FOR HIS MAJESTY'S CUP PASSING THE
" AND VESSELS OF THE FRENCH FLEET.
TART 52-RATERS' MATCH.
S, WITH FRENCH FLEET LYING BEHIND THEM.

and 8 by Cribb; the others by the "Topical Press."

3. A GOOD START.

6. THE HARBOUR IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE START FOR HIS MAJESTY'S CUP.

9. SOME OF OUR FRENCH VISITORS.

"ALONG THE SHORE OF SILVER-STREAMING THAMES":
SOME FAMOUS RIVERSIDE RESIDENCES.



1. SHIPLAKE COURT, NEAR HENLEY AND READING (SIR W. R. CLAYTON).
3. CLIVEDEN, NEAR MAIDENHEAD (MR. W. W. ASTOR).
5. MEDMENHAM ABBEY, NEAR GREAT MARLOW AND HENLEY (MRS. HUDSON).

2. HARLEYFORD HOUSE, MARLOW (SIR W. R. CLAYTON).
4. MR. SHOOLBRED'S HOUSE, GORING.
6. BISHAM ABBEY, NEAR MARLOW.

Photographs by Taunt. (See "Small Talk of the Week.")

"ALONG THE SHORE OF SILVER-STREAMING THAMES":

SOME FAMOUS RIVERSIDE RESIDENCES.



1. RADNOR HOUSE, TWICKENHAM.

2. MAPLEDURHAM HOUSE, NEAR PANGBOURNE AND READING (HON. A. H. MILLS).

3. GLENISLAND, MAIDENHEAD (SIR ROGER PALMER).

4. WINDSOR CASTLE.

5. FORMOSA PLACE (SIR GEORGE YOUNG).

6. MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND (MRS. CLIFFORD).

7. TEMPLE HOUSE (RESIDENCE OF THE LATE GENERAL OWEN WILLIAMS).

Photographs by Taunf. (See "Small Talk of the Week.")

WHY BULL-FIGHTING IS NOT ABOLISHED:

A TYPICAL CROWD AT AN EXHIBITION OF SPAIN'S NATIONAL SPORT.



1. THE TOREROS (ERRONEOUSLY CALLED "TOREADORS") DAUDER, ANGELILLO, GALLITO, AND VITO, WHO ACTED AS MATADORES (THAT IS TO SAY, GAVE THE DEATH-STROKES) AT THE FIGHT ILLUSTRATED.

2. WHY BULL-FIGHTING IS NOT ABOLISHED: THE ENORMOUS AND TYPICAL CROWD AT A RECENT EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL SPORT OF SPAIN.

3. A PICADOR PERFORMING AN ACT OF DARING BY RIDING ONE OF THE BULLS IN THE ARENA.

4. A LYRIC ARTIST, SEÑOR RIQUELME, WHO RECEIVED THE KEY OF THE TORIL (OR BULL-DEN) ON THE OCCASION OF THE FIGHT ILLUSTRATED.

The periodic cry that bull-fighting should be abolished is heard even in Spain, but little heed is likely to be paid to it so long as the sport can gather a crowd such as the one shown in our centre photograph. That there is much to be said in favour of abolition is unquestionable: it has only to be pointed out that the death of half-a-dozen bulls and from fifteen to twenty horses marks the average afternoon's entertainment at a first-class arena.

Photographs by V. Barbera Masip.

THE GAIETY'S LATEST RECRUIT.



MISS NELLIE LONNEN.

Miss Nellie Lonnen, the latest recruit to the Gaiety Company, is a daughter of the late Mr. E. J. Lonnen. Although she is still well within her teens, she has already won some success on the variety stage—on which she appeared with her sister—and she played in "The Cherry Girl." She is godchild of the late Nellie Farren.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

THE MOTOR METAMORPHOSISED:

THE CAR IN CURIOUS GUISES.



1. AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE AIDE-DE-CAMP'S CHARGER IN WAR-TIME.

2. AS A BATH-CHAIR.

3. AS A LIFE BOAT.

4. AS A LAWN-MOWER.

5. AS A BULLET-PROOF SHIELD FOR THE WOUNDED.

6. AS A TRAVELLING SMITHY.

7. AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

8. AS A BULLET-PROOF FIRST-AID VAN.

9. AS A LETTER-BOX 'BUS.

10. AS THE HAULER OF A CONVEYANCE FOR HOUNDS.

11. AS AN AMBULANCE.

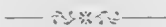
Photographs by "Topical Press."

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE SCANDALS OF SIGNA.

By DOLF WYLLARDE.

No. V.—SIGNA BEHIND A MASK.



THE Churstons lived in Sloane Street, at the upper end, near Knightsbridge. They had taken the house for the year, and returned there after spending the autumn in Scotland; for Mr. Churston, if not a brilliant member of the Lower House, was a very steady vote for his party to rely upon.

Signa and her father were dining *lête-à-lête* one night towards the end of the year. Lady Jane was staying on for a few days with the Duchess, with whom they had all spent Christmas, but Signa and Mr. Churston had left that hospitable roof as soon as decency would permit.

Signa did not know much of her father, but she regarded him as a pleasant person when she did meet him, and a possible ally in her battles with the family, though she had never had much chance to test him in such a capacity. She put on her prettiest frock for his benefit on this occasion, and beamed at him between the silver candlesticks as they sat opposite each other.

"This is very jolly, Dad!" she said, amicably. "We seldom have it all to ourselves, do we?"

"N-no," said Mr. Churston. "There is generally a *tertium quid* in your neighbourhood, my dear."

"So Manoel found!" murmured Signa to her soup.

"And to abdicate with dignity is an acquired necessity," pursued Mr. Churston.

"Just Mr. Payne's experience!"

"The great key to the situation is—not to compete!"

"Ah! That wisdom was Lord Mark's!"

"But, temptation being the spice of life, I have no doubt that you prove a benefit to mankind. No fish, Signa? Quite a mistake—these cutlets are excellent!" finished Mr. Churston, blandly.

"I am looking to the *entrée*," said Signa. "I suppose—you do not number Major Spence among your acquaintance?"

"No; I don't know that I ever heard of him. He is on your mother's visiting-list?"

"I hardly think that would ensure your knowing him," said Signa, deftly. "He is in the 19th Lancers, if you want to know. It was nothing—a mere coincidence. But I thought, perhaps, you might have been moralising from his experience."

"No, my knowledge of human nature is independent of instances—or incidents either," said Mr. Churston, with a twinkle in his eyes. "But I am prepared to take your word for it."

"Dad, I find men very much the same all the world over," said Signa, leaning her chin in her hands and her elbows on the table, for dessert had arrived and the servants had withdrawn.

"Indeed!" said her father, peeling a walnut. "There is a great similarity in most of the cares of this world—even in walnuts. That's the third bad one!"

"Let me do it for you! I am always lucky." "Crack!" went the nut-crackers.

"I suppose, then, that someone else is unlucky?"

"To keep the balance even? Do you know, I never thought of that!"

"No one on the upper end of a see-saw thinks about the other end which has just bumped the earth—a most unpleasant sensation, I always thought, even in my childish days."

"I have bumped—once or twice!" said Signa, thoughtfully.

"Oh! . . . I thought you found men all alike?"

"Crack!" went the nut-crackers.

"I forgot for the moment."

"Great Generals never dwell upon defeat."

"But, take them in the aggregate, they are like a flock of sheep!"

"Well, you see, my dear, men always present the same side of themselves for your favourable notice. You might find the other sides various enough, but the law of Nature decrees that in one situation men shall present the same effect. I hope I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly!" said Signa, with refreshing candour. "They don't all make love alike, though!"

"It depends on the stage to which you allow them to come. Let us take the last, for instance—I suppose there *was* a last one?"

Signa nodded.

"Did he tell you that you were an angel?"

"No, he looked that!"

"It is immaterial. He found out his mistake later. Did he say that he had never felt his own unworthiness until now?"

"Y-yes. He did say that. I thought it rather nice of him!"

"Did he introduce you to his mother?"

"No!" said Signa, firmly. "I have learned *not* to know their mothers! I don't want to be abused—afterwards."

"Did he tell you what he thought about you the very first time you met?"

"Oh, I didn't believe him, of course!"

"Exactly. Now, if, instead of this repetition, you had talked about the Budget, my dear——"

"I see!" said Signa, thoughtfully. "I have never tried a political flirtation either! It might be amusing. How do you know the routine, Dad?"

"I was a boy—once," said Mr. Churston, as he rose from the table. "Ten o'clock, by Jove! And I promised to meet Durham at nine-thirty. I hope you won't be dull, Signa. If I had known you would be alone——"

"It's all right, Dad. Blanche Sherringham is coming in for a chat, and she may take me to a crush or something—a pantomime, perhaps. Wait a minute—how did Mother take it?"

Mr. Churston paused at the door. "Your mother?" he said, as though surprised. "You think I talked all that nonsense to your mother? Oh dear, no—I had served my apprenticeship when I married. I was not so immature. Good-night, Signa. Don't sit up. I shall be late."

Signa laughed, yawning a little as she rose also, and clasping her hands behind her little head.

"I hope Blanche will hurry," she said to herself. "There are heaps of things to arrange." Then she remembered the conversation at the dinner-table, and laughed again. She was still smiling over it when Mrs. Sherringham arrived.

"Tell the servants that you are coming out with me," she said, "and your maid is not to sit up. Have you a mask? The dominoes are in the carriage. We ought to start at once—it takes nearly an hour to drive."

"Surely you have not brought your own carriage?"

"Oh dear, no—*je ne suis pas sotté, moi!* It is a hired thing."

Signa rang the bell and gave the necessary explanation. "Don't sit up, Hendy," she said to the butler. "Mr. Churston may be late. I am going out with Mrs. Sherringham, and Julie need not wait for me to-night."

"Very well, Miss."

The clock was pointing to midnight when the carriage set down two cloaked and masked figures at Covent Garden Theatre. It was the first ball of the series, and the crowd was thickening already. Mrs. Sherringham nudged Signa and pointed to a tall man dressed as a policeman.

"That is Lord Quais—the 'goody Marquis'!" she whispered. "Would you ever believe it? I think twice as much of him as I did before. A ballet-girl on each arm, too! My dear, I foresee that we are going to have our ideas of Society rudely disturbed to-night!"

"What fun!" said Signa. "Isn't he married to that woman who gets up charity bazaars? I'll go and whisper in his ear that I shall tell Lady Quais, presently—she is to open the Marine Hospital to-morrow, by the way."

"I always thought he was a hypocrite!" said Mrs. Sherringham, disgustfully. "There was only one of the family I liked, and he struck out a line for himself and went to Africa to improve a younger son's portion—you know they are notoriously poor. I heard he was doing very well in Johannesburg; he dropped his title and went to work like any other adventurer, and has risen steadily."

"That man reminds me of someone!" said Signa, the bright eyes

behind her mask bent on Lord Quais. "What was the brother's name? Perhaps I met him in Africa."

"Let's see: Aurel?—no, Aurel was the youngest son. My favourite was the second. Mark—that was it; I knew it was biblical!"

Signa turned quickly and looked after the policeman as he skipped away, kicking heels with the ballet-girls in unrestrained enjoyment.

"Then he *was* Lord Mark!" she said, slowly. "That was why he laughed."

"Of course, he was," said Mrs. Sherringham, unconsciously. "It is the Duke of Almond's family. Are you going to dance, Signa?"

"Am I not! Wait a bit. There is Captain Haviland. Another illusion gone! I thought he was tied to Lady Bloomfield's apron-strings, and behold him at Covent Garden with Mrs. Wentworth Crowl!"

The unhappy Captain was reminded of his own delinquencies three minutes later by a feigned voice in his ear—a voice so like Lady Bloomfield's that he almost dropped the champagne-glass in his hand, and found the rest of his supper with Mrs. Wentworth a hollow joy. He had thought that Lady Bloomfield was safe at Monte Carlo—what evil fate had brought her here in a domino and mask that one could not recognise?

Then Signa began to enjoy herself. Thanks to her powers of mimicry, she contrived to give five married men a bad quarter-of-an-hour—not only on their own accounts, but by a haunting certainty that their wives had also slipped the matrimonial halter and were brushing shoulders with the denizens of Covent Garden! Amongst Signa's other accomplishments was a Cockney accent, successfully practised in her schoolgirl days until perfect. It had rusted a little from disuse; but old Colonel Saunders swears that at least one of the women who danced that night at Covent Garden hailed from Whitechapel. She tucked her arm into his, without invitation, persuaded him to "Come an' 'op!" and told him, between the hours of 2.30 and 3 a.m., more experience of coster life than he had ever known before. You could have cut the girl's accent with a knife, he says, and when she left him, with a slang farewell that made him jump, he is ready to take an oath that she went behind Lord Quais and whispered in his ear.

But Lord Quais, with a blanching face, remembers only one whisper—and that in the pure, silvery voice of a high-bred Englishwoman. And, besides, he acknowledges that it referred to his wife, and mentioned facts that no "dona" from Whitechapel could have known. It was somebody in their own set, he very much fears, and the cold water trickles down his back when Lady Quais chances to turn her conversation in the direction of Covent Garden, where, poor woman, she interests herself in doss-houses and suchlike.

At four o'clock in the morning Signa discovered Blanche sitting on an empty wine-case in a dim corner, with a Peer of the realm turned for the nonce into a very fair imitation of the Devil. The fun was getting boisterous, several ladies having arrived from the halls already too much in spirits, and Signa leaned down and whispered to her friend hurriedly.

"I have been asked to supper in a box. Dare I go? It is a party of Guardsmen and two most respectable J.P.'s! Such fun! I know them all, but they don't know me."

"No, for Heaven's sake, Signa, don't! Keep to the open—don't try the boxes. They can be made too private."

"Well, the stage and the amphitheatre are getting too public. I must risk it, Blanche!"

With a sudden impulse, Blanche Sherringham turned to her Devil as Signa vanished.

"I wish you would do me a favour," she said, rapidly, and with a startling change to earnestness. "I am in charge of that girl—she is not like most of the women here, and, perhaps, I ought not to have brought her. But we both love mischief, only Si—my friend does not know where to stop. She is going to join a supper-party in one of the boxes. Can you manage to go too, and bring her away if—?"

He rose with an alteration of manner as complete as her own. "I will do my best," he said. "I think you were unwise to bring her in such a way. The best plan, if women want to see these things, is to take a box yourself, and—er—a bodyguard of your own men-folk."

Signa was already having supper when the Devil found her.

She had not removed her mask and the hood of her domino was pulled low over her face. From the ripe lips below the black velvet came a Frenchwoman's voice—the sallies in broken English being greeted with roars of laughter by the men sitting round her in motley incongruity. She was by no means the only woman present, but the others had abandoned all disguise and were openly proclaimed in their identity. The Devil left the door unlatched and sat down behind her, after being made welcome to the party.

The moment, which he felt to be inevitable, came, when a man on Signa's left leaned over and deliberately kissed the woman nearest to him. She was his neighbour's wife, and the act was intended to proclaim his conquest. The red rushed to the edge of Signa's mask, and, leaning forward in her turn, she said something in his ear. He started and turned on her, not only the champagne being responsible, but the heat and the flower-scented air, and the waltz-driven blood in his veins bringing a reckless laugh to his lips.

"The deuce! How did you know?" he said. "A forfeit for finding out secrets, Mademoiselle!" He rose and moved towards Signa, who was up and on her feet in an instant.

"Let me pass!" she said, her voice unraised, but dropping her French accent.

"Miss Churston!" he exclaimed, in sheer astonishment. "I know your voice!"

Signa stood and panted; the rest of the party were, however, making too much noise to be conscious of the situation.

"Make for the door!" whispered a voice behind Signa.

A red figure interposed between her and the man who had recognised her, and the next moment Signa had fled. As she passed through the crowd of dancers she happened to glance at the boxes on the opposite side of the house to the one she had left, and gave a little start. The ghost of her own smile flickered across her lips, but it faded again almost immediately before she lowered her eyes from the party of gentlemen at whom she had involuntarily looked, and even her voice struck her as strange when she at last discovered Blanche and agreed hastily to slip home again.

"So that," commented Mrs. Sherringham, as they drove home, "is Society! Half our respectable families were well represented, anyway. Signa, what happened?"

"A man kissed a woman—without asking leave!" said Signa, simply.

"So you ran away?"

"They recognised me, Blanche!"

"Never mind—be thankful that you have escaped."

"I am thankful that I made a good many of those men very uncomfortable during the night," said Signa, vindictively. "They will look askance at their wives to-morrow."

"I only hope they may not be revenged on you by betraying your presence there in some unlooked-for way. Signa, what would the Duchess do this time?"

"Never mind," said Signa, with unexpected calmness. "I have an ally at home who dare not fail me. It is a matter of mutual accommodation!"

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that, while I was looking for you, I caught sight of my father in a box with Mr. Durham and several most respectable Members of the House of Commons! I wondered where he was going to-night when he said he should be late, but I never thought that our destination might be the same. Dear man!"

"How funny! I always did like Mr. Churston—he is so human. But I am afraid there is nothing incriminating in his being there in a box with some friends, Signa. You see, he is a man, and—"

"Nothing at all!" said Signa, sweetly. "I thoroughly exonerate him myself. But the world is so censorious, isn't it? and, of course, I can't *swear* that he didn't dance—!"

"Oh, Signa!—Mr. Churston! Don't make it too improbable!"

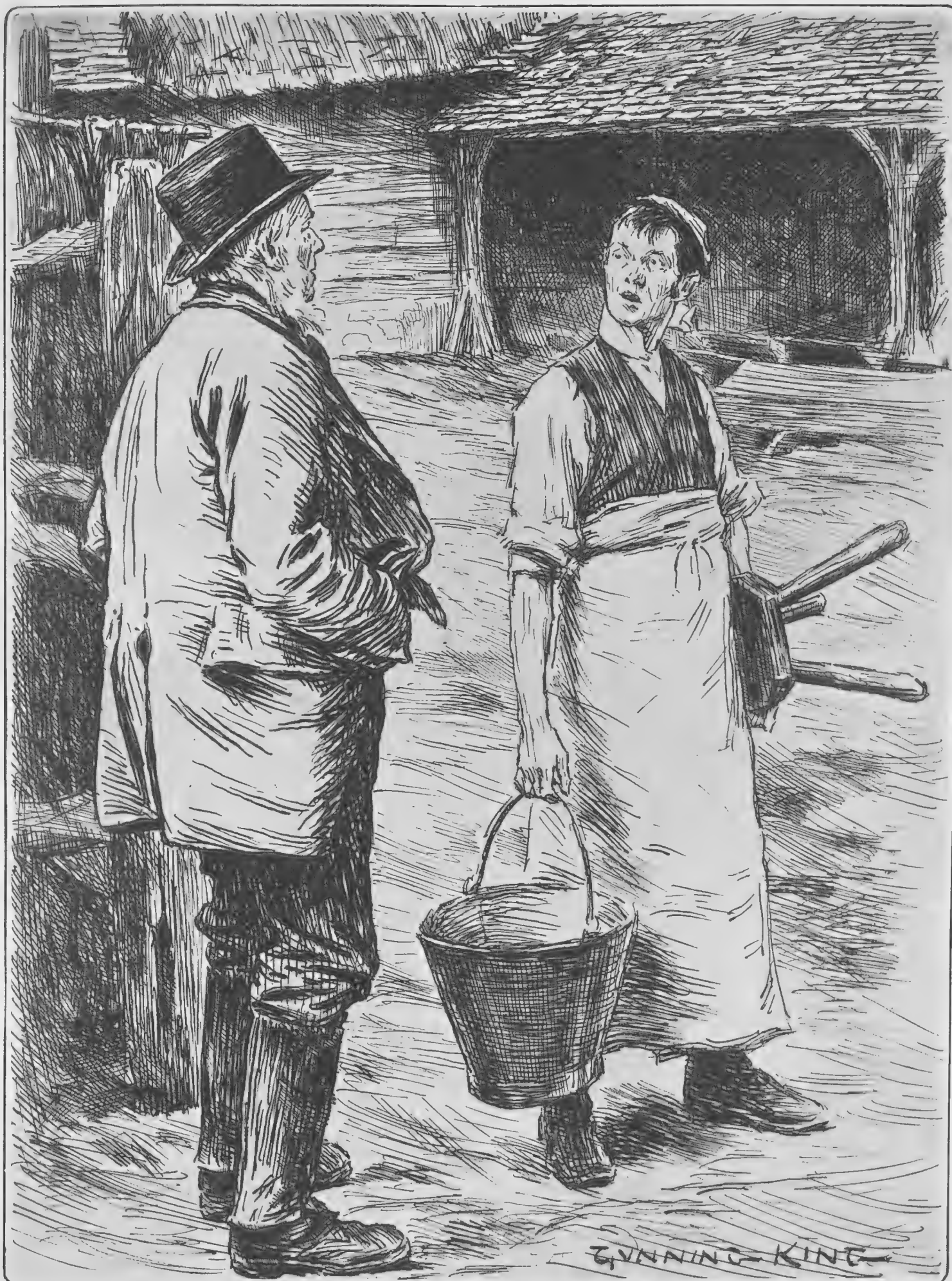
"—and Grandmamma, good soul, loves a pithy story. Yes, on the whole, I think Dad is my staunch ally—with or without his own goodwill."

Mrs. Sherringham began to laugh. "He who sups with Signa must have a very long spoon," she said. "But it seems to me singularly appropriate that you should have been rescued by the Devil!"

"As usual, that personage was a gentleman!" said Signa, drily.



BACK TO THE LAND!



FARMER : Well, you don't seem to have got much milk ?

JONES (*of London, who is taking a cheap holiday by working on a farm*) : No, Sir. Fact is, it wasn't any good. I couldn't make the old cow sit down anyhow.

DRAWN BY GUNNING KING.

ARMY REFORM.



HE: But I really can't afford another five-guinea hat for you this month.

SHE: Couldn't you go on half-pay for a while, and save the cost of this season's crop of changes in your uniform?

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE dates of the reopening of the West-End houses are gradually being fixed and are being put into their places like the tesserae which go to make up mosaic. Thus the Comedy opens on the 21st with "The Duffer," the Lyric with "The Blue Moon" on the 24th, the Criterion with "The White Chrysanthemum" on the 30th, His Majesty's on the 5th of September with "Oliver Twist," the Haymarket with "On the Love Path" on the 6th, Drury Lane with "The Prodigal Son" on the 7th, the Duke of York's with "Clarice" on the 11th, and the Scala on the 16th.

Up to the time of writing, however, Mr. Forbes-Robertson and the anonymous author of the new play are still undecided as to its title. Its preparation has, however, begun, for the rehearsals started this week.

The production of "The White Chrysanthemum," does not of necessity mean the complete withdrawal of "The Lucky Miss Dean," although it must be removed from the Criterion, for efforts are being made to get another theatre where its successful run may be continued.

The question as to how far Mr. Bouchier's production of "The Merchant of Venice" would affect Mr. Tree's proposed revival has been answered by the latter manager in such a way that any idea of the two plays running simultaneously is now out of the question. Mr. Tree will not play Shylock until after Mr. Bouchier has ceased doing so.

The wish has evidently been father to the thought with regard to the emphatic announcements that the Shaftesbury would reopen with a new play by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. These announcements, if not incorrect, have unquestionably been unauthorised, and, at the



THE PRODUCTION OF "THE DUFFER" AT THE COMEDY: MISS RITA JOLIVET, WHO IS TO PLAY PHYLLIS WADE, AN ARTIST'S MODEL, IN MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH'S COMEDY.

Photograph by Foulsham and Hanfield.

least, are premature, for Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has not arranged for any production during the early part of the season. The play he has just completed, and around which these rumours have circled, will be given its first production at the Hudson Theatre, New York, about the middle of October, by Mr. Charles Frohman, and the author will himself go over to America to superintend the rehearsals. The play is in four Acts and has a powerful dramatic interest, while the action passes between London and the country. The scenes are laid in Mount Street, London; Misbourne Court, Buckinghamshire; Curzon Street, Mayfair; and a studio in South Kensington, so that it is not difficult to guess that an artist, or, at least, an artistic atmosphere, is introduced into the work. The leading woman's part will be acted by Miss Virginia Harned, whose portrait, with her husband, Mr. E. H. Sothorn, *Sketch* readers will remember, appeared in these pages a couple of weeks ago. The cast will also include Mr. J. D. Beveridge, who has been specially engaged to play a leading old man's part, while the representatives of the rest of the characters will be chosen from Mr. Frohman's present Companies.

Although Bret Harte wrote but little for the stage, his daughter, Miss Ethel Bret Harte, was distinctly attracted to it as well as to the concert-platform, and she hoped to make a reputation by appearing in public. Unfortunately, however, as most people interested in the

theatre are aware, her health has completely broken down, and a fund has been started on her behalf. If everyone who cares about Bret Harte's work would send a small subscription, the fund would very soon attain considerable proportions.

Mr. Wentworth Croke, who, by reason of his association with Mr. Ascherberg at the Savoy and with Mr. Tom B. Davis at the Apollo, is likely to fill a prominent place in the London theatrical world, is, like another successful manager, Mr. J. E. Vedrenne, a recruit to the theatre from the world of business. He began in a railway office, migrated to the Stock Exchange, with which he joined journalism, contributing a weekly article to the Manchester paper, and then became manager for Miss Minnie Palmer, and, later, for Mr. Davis, with whom he was associated in "Florodora." One of his great achievements has undoubtedly been the success he has made of "The Christian," which he has toured for between five and six years, in spite of the fact that, when it was acted at the Duke of York's, it did not set the Thames on fire.



Miss Lily Brayton.

ON A HOLIDAY THAT IS NOW ENDED: MISS LILY BRAYTON AND HER SISTER, MISS AGNES BRAYTON, BATHING AT DINARD.

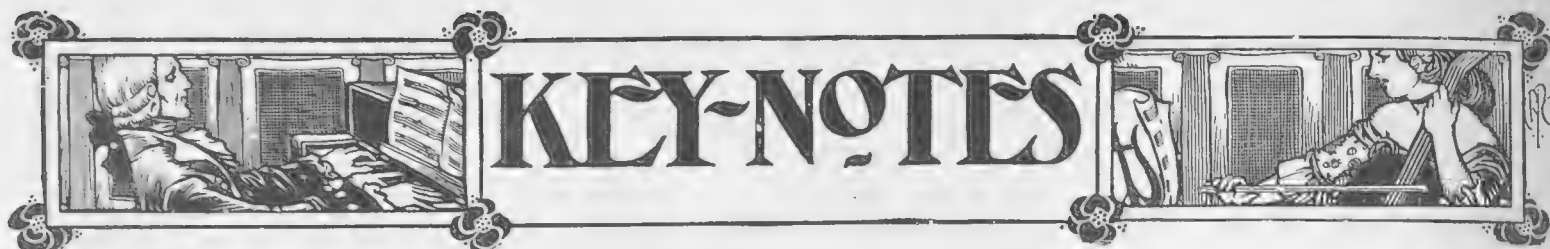
Photograph supplied by Helen Thimm.

It is curious to find that, with this and other plays constantly making provincial successes, independent of the verdict of London, so many managers pin their faith only to London successes, although they know perfectly well that to-day many plays which have a vogue in London have little or no vogue in the provinces. Only a day or two ago, one of the most popular actresses was lamenting the fact that she was unable to exploit in London a certain play in which she believed big money was to be made in the provinces, yet she was fearful of going to the chief cities without having had a "preliminary canter" at the West-End of London.

Apropos of this idea, it is interesting to find that among the plays produced in the provinces during the last few weeks have been works by Mr. F. Kinsey Peile at Hastings, and by the Rev. Forbes Phillips at Great Yarmouth.

While Mr. G. R. Sims does not do very much dramatic work now for the regular West-End theatres, the announcement of his proposed "review" at the Palace Theatre is, naturally, interesting, especially in connection with the extraordinary vitality of his early work, for certain of his plays, like "The Lights of London," are going round the suburban houses, where melodrama is a safe draw during the summer, though complaints may be heard by the managers that it is very difficult to get good plays of that character.

At the end of this week, Mr. William Gillette will sail from New York with the members of his Company, headed by Miss Marie Doro, who are to play with him in his new piece, "Clarice." It will be given a preliminary trial in Liverpool, beginning on the first Monday in September, preparatory to being produced at the Duke of York's in the following week. Although Mr. Gillette has been to London of late in his private capacity, he has not appeared on the stage. The warmest of warm welcomes is sure to be extended to him, for he is one of the most accomplished actors in his own particular line, and it is not going too far to say that no American actor enjoys a greater popularity with our public than he does.



THE question of Musical Copyright, and all the issues it involves, is too complex a matter to need discussion in a column which should be given up, more or less, to the light side of music. Oddly enough, however, it is very much with the light side of music that this portentous question deals. Nobody would pay much attention—so far as the popular question is concerned—to the cheapening of the sales of modern songs, compared with those possessing an artistic and musicianly feeling of a high order. One may safely say that if Sir Edward Elgar's "Sea-Songs" were sold at twopence apiece by the hawkers in London streets, a miserable harvest would be reaped, whereas "She was a Miller's Daughter" would be sold by the thousand. This is the will of people; and it is naturally the composers who make rich harvests by their songs who desire (so ephemeral is the life of a song) to reap every single wild oat in the interests of—royalty. A King may patronise an Elgar Festival: Royalty, therefore, is the fit reward of the popular composer.

Very serious, then, was Mr. William Abbott at the annual general meeting of Hopwood and Crew, when he pointed out that musical piracy was a national disgrace. Certainly, if one cannot elevate one's feelings to this sublime height—for we have heard so much about national disgrace recently—here is a matter requiring remedy. What that remedy is may be left to the *cognoscenti*; at any rate, a recent seizure, one amongst very many, captured no less than 300,000 copies of pirated songs. The subject is complex and legal—words that should not touch the sentiment of the Key-Note that begins the Common Chord. Yet the audacity of the Pirates will only reach its highest when copies of "Parsifal" (Orchestral Score) shall be offered in the Tottenham Court Road for sixpence. Then there will be cannonading, hand-grenades, and—Schott.

A certain musical paper, discussing, a few days ago, the possible revival of a series of Gilbert and Sullivan operas at the Savoy Theatre, the lease of which will become the possession of Mr. Ascherberg, states that the house will be conducted more or less on the old lines, and that music will be the stand-by of the fortunes of the theatre. It is even stated that a revival of "The Mikado" may open the season. The writer of the paragraph in question thus comments: "The announcement will certainly be hailed with delight by every admirer—and who is not?—of the keen wit of Mr. W. S. Gilbert and the melodious talent of Sir Arthur Sullivan." "The melodious talent! Could anybody with the smallest appreciation of that fine musician's genius really bring himself to speak of Sullivan's "melodious talent"? One does not exactly blame the writer; for many have been the men who have endeavoured to depreciate Sullivan because he wrote comic opera. Let such a one look at a Sullivan score, mark how careful is its orchestration, how appropriately each instrument is used, and he will never again dismiss the English master as one possessing merely a melodious talent. Two lines more on this subject. Sullivan, let it never be forgotten is great not only by reason of his comic operas,

but by work which some seem deliberately to ignore. They forget the hymns, "The Martyr of Antioch," "The Golden Legend," the "Irish Symphony," the "In Memoriam" Overture, and many another work testifying to his greatness.

Mention has already been made of the Promenade Concerts which have been arranged to start on the 19th inst. One important change has been made from the routine of former years, which will, no doubt, receive the commendation of all musicians. Hitherto, as is well known, the second portion of these Concerts has been devoted to light music, chief element of which was a Fantasia on Operatic Airs which, perhaps, has grown to be a little old-fashioned. For, in the old days of Promenade Concerts, when the taste of the London public in matters musical was not comparable to that which prevails to-day, this sort of work was hailed with enthusiasm.

It was very wisely thought, therefore, at the outset, that it would be well to step slowly, and not to indulge in changes that might prove to be too drastic. But the necessity for such hesitation no longer exists, and the policy of the concert-givers will therefore be changed.

The Operatic Fantasia, then, has become a thing of the past, and the second part of the Concerts, though it will consist of lighter and gayer music than the first part, will, nevertheless, be planned upon a different scale from that which has heretofore obtained. It will consist of Orchestral selections, all, as the present writer is informed, "worthy of a place in a high-class programme, such as Ballet Suites, Overtures, and

Marches—with vocal and instrumental Solos." Here again is another sign, if sign were needed, of the trend towards higher things of the London musical taste. It may be added, for rumour is a lying jade, and has been busy enough during what may be called the Musical recess, that, despite any assertion to the contrary, the Queen's Hall Orchestra remains practically unchanged, and that Mr. Henry Wood's enthusiasm in the scheme, in which he will take so large a part, is in no way whatever diminished.

That M. Gabriel Fauré should be appointed the new Director of the Paris Conservatoire seems to accord precisely with the fitness of things. M. Fauré is a master of musical technique, and as a composer he is known as one whose light music is never vulgarised by the commonplace. M. Fauré belongs to that refined class of musicians who never touch a subject without adorning it and whose sense of time never fails at any exacting moment. One is inclined to think that he is an ideal head of the Conservatoire. He is well known to be an excellent judge and critic, and the qualities of both characters will be much needed in his new and arduous post. It may be hoped that the academic round of work in store for M. Fauré will not in any way overshadow the charm and fascination of his creative power. He inherits a position of singular historic value, a position which has had to endure many tussles in the past, but which has always emerged triumphant.

COMMON CHORD.



THE NEW DIRECTOR OF THE PARIS CONSERVATOIRE: M. GABRIEL FAURÉ.

M. Fauré is a master of musical technique, and a writer of light music that is never vulgarised by commonplaces. The fact that he is an excellent judge and a sound critic is also very much in his favour, for he will need the qualities of both characters in his new position.



MOTOR-BOATING—THE RELIABILITY TRIALS IN THE SOLENT—GREAT BRITAIN AND THE GORDON-BENNETT CUP—A NEW CAR FOR SIR THOMAS LIPTON—TYRE TROUBLES—THE CIRCUIT DES ARDENNES.

"GIMME motor-boating," said the man I met at the Southampton Town Steps the other day. "No dust and no police, as keen a sense of speed at fifteen knots as on a car at forty, and not a tithe of the anxiety." And, after a ripping run in a wonderful little thirty-foot boat called the *Javelin*, and owned by an old-time racing-cyclist, I lean somewhat to the dictum of the man at the Steps. As he said, there is no dust, albeit at times a trifle of spray, no policemen, no "teuf-teuf" of the exhaust, and no grinding of gear—nothing but the deep hum of the engines and the swish of the riven water. The number of motor-boats at a great yachting-centre like Southampton is growing apace, and some of them, like the *Pleione*, owned by Captains R. T. and H. T. Dixon, are most comfortable cruising-craft. The growth of this particular pastime is shown by the large number of entries for the Reliability Trials promoted by the Motor-Yacht Club at Southampton last week. These boats, divided into several classes, were required to run continuously for ten hours on two days, and were only stopped half-way through the second day owing to the very heavy weather that set in soon after the start. Even then many of them wanted to go on, and could have done so in safety.

Even tough old salts like Lieutenant Mansfield Cumming, R.N., the smart officer in command of the Southampton Boom, are quite *épris* with motor-boating. Lieutenant Cumming, who is the Vice-Commodore of the Motor-Yacht Club, pleads guilty to two vessels, one a racing-craft, *Competitor*, which was engaged in the Eliminating Trials in the Solent the other day, and the other a forty-foot boat for pleasure-work, both engined by the Wolseley Tool and Motor Company. Motor-boat racing is at times surrounded with considerable peril, as Lieutenant Cumming and Bernard Redwood in the *Competitor* and Mawdsley Brooke in *Brooke I.* found on the 1st inst. in the Solent. The engines of both boats struck, and both vessels were wallowing in the sea, and occasionally taking it green, for an hour or two, until assistance came to them. *Competitor* was washing about for two hours without a craft in sight, and was subsequently found in tow of a yawl used by Messrs. Chaplin and Co. for carrying purposes. *Brooke I.* was picked up near the Nab Light-ship, and when spoken was half-full of water. Driving these motor racing-boats is a very exciting but a very wet job, not at all one in which one's sisters and cousins and aunts may share unless they adopt "oilies" from head to foot and wear sea-boots.

The outside public, at least that section taking some interest in automobilism, would be glad to be put into possession of the exact



THE CIRCUIT DES ARDENNES: THE WRECK OF GABRIEL'S DE DIETRICH.

Fourteen cars started for the Ardennes contest, three De Dietrichs, three Darracqs, a C.G.V., an Itala, four Panhards, and two Mercédès. The race was won by Hemery, on a Darracq, who covered the five rounds in 5 hours 58 minutes 32 seconds. Tart was second in 6 hours 13 minutes 37 seconds. Gabriel came to grief early in the race, breaking a wheel of his De Dietrich, which capsized, fortunately, however, without injuring anyone.

Photograph by Brauger.

reasons which have led to the Automobile Club declining to again challenge for the Gordon-Bennett Cup. Having failed, not for want of trying on the part of our makers and drivers, to regain possession of the Cup since Edge won it in 1902, we are now to cry a go, and suggest that the grapes are sour, by the inference that if we take part in such events abroad the position of automobilism will be endangered

at home. I cannot take this view. It seems to me that we might just as well cease breeding racehorses because butcher-boys drive recklessly on the public streets. It is suggested that the Club came to the resolve not to challenge without any reference whatsoever to the makers and owners who have spent so much money and given so much time in attempts to regain possession of the Gordon-Bennett Cup. All their work, expenditure, and experience are allowed to go



A COMEDIAN ON HIS CAR: MR. G. P. HUNTLEY ON HIS 12 HORSE-POWER PIPE.

Mr. G. P. Huntley, who, by the way, is to play the lead in the musical play to be produced at the Waldorf, has just started for a Continental tour on his motor, a Pipe.

Photograph by Argent Archer.

by the board, without any consideration of their views. Italy has promptly challenged, and, whether France competes or not, there will be a Gordon-Bennett race in 1905, apparently with England out of it.

It is pleasant to learn that one English financial magnate, at least, resists the attraction of high-powered, dust-creating, German cars, and adopts automobiles of British construction. I hear with pleasure, and I am sure that the news will please generally, that Sir Thomas Lipton has recently ordered a 12-14 horse-power, four-cylinder, side-entrance Argyll, through the Edinburgh agents of Argyll Motors, Limited. The cylinders of the engine of this car are 84 millimètres (3 5-16 in.) in diameter, and 110 millimètres (4 11-32 in.) stroke. The engine runs at 1,100 revolutions per minute, and, as I know from experience, is a very sweet and quiet-running motor. The well-known Argyll change-speed gear (Goran's patent), with its short, stiff gear-shafts and few parts, is, of course, fitted to Sir Thomas's new Argyll.

Upkeep is a bogey which serves to warn off many would-be automobilists, and prominent in the list of excessive charges suggested is the cost of tyre-renewal. Now a great deal more is made of tyre-costs than it is right there should be. High speeds, inconsiderate driving, and heavy weights are, or have been, at the bottom of nearly all the trouble that has been experienced with tyres; but now that speed is not the one thing thought needful, that weights have been greatly reduced and tyres immensely improved, the tyre bogey has been very largely laid. The premier British tyre, the Dunlop, has been proven over and over again in reliability trials and by private users, and, as a late instance of its staunchness, I might instance the success achieved in the recent Brighton Trials, when no less than a dozen first-prizes were notched to its credit.

By Hemery's victory on a light Darracq in the Circuit des Ardennes held on the 7th inst., and once won by our own Charles Jarrott on a 40 horse-power Panhard—the celebrated "Roaring Forty," by the way—all the deductions of the French Eliminating Trials for the Gordon-Bennett Cup-race have been proven to the hilt. The Darracq was tipped as a certain winner in the Auvergne, and, but for the most shocking luck in what Farmer Snow called the "pralimbaries," would have borne out prophecy. By the placing in the Circuit des Ardennes the light Darracqs have shown the stuff that is in them, for they rank first, fourth, and eighth, also taking the Cup for the most consistent team-running. Not only did Hemery win on his Darracq, but he beat last year's time, made by Heath on a Panhard, by 32 min. 8 sec. over a distance of 372½ miles.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

KEMPTON AND REDCAR—MR. T. BEASLEY—BETTING METHODS.

AFTER Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes, matters are, on the whole, quiet in the racing world until Doncaster brings about a reunion for the St. Leger and the Autumn campaign. In spite of one or two rich Stakes, the Kempton Second Summer Meeting partakes largely of a holiday nature. The Breeders' Two-Year-Old Stakes contains the names of Sweet Mary, Merry Moment, and Colonia. Should the last-named run, the race should be a good thing for her; in her absence either of the other two could win. The City of London Plate is another Breeders' Stake, but it is for three-year-olds. Those left in are not a very grand lot, and Kuroki, Ritchie, Shah Jehan, and Pretty Polly's sister, Adula, seem the best. Adula is not at all likely to run, and Ritchie should credit Lord Dalmeny with the Stake. At Redcar begins the series of pleasant meetings that are grouped together by racing-men as "the Northern Circuit." Lord Londonderry, Lord Ellesmere, Lord Zetland, Mr. Vyner, and other racehorse-owners of their calibre give these meetings liberal support, and the racing is on a different plane altogether to that at the ordinary race-meeting. The Redcar Two-Year-Old Stakes would be a walk-over for Admirable Crichton if he went to the post; in his absence it would be a very open affair. Hellene might be good enough to win the Twenty-Sixth Foal Stakes. At Stockton, Cythera or Merry Moment may win the Wynyard Plate, and the Great Northern Leger may fall to Hellene.

Colonel Walker's crack two-year-old, Black Arrow, about which such fantastic stories were told early in the season, and which looked as though he were to carry everything before him, made a terrible hole in his manners at Goodwood, and everyone is waiting now to see how he comports himself on his next public appearance. I do not think it was merely a dislike of the starting-gate that caused his bad behaviour. If I mistake not, the trouble is deeper seated—he dislikes racing altogether. However, these are early days and there is plenty of time for improvement. It will be a thousand pities if a colt of this calibre becomes worthless as a racehorse owing to the curse of a wicked temper. He is a grand-looking youngster; one of the best seen since Pretty Polly caused such cries of admiration at Sandown Park. The Black Arrow stable shelters one or two other two-year-olds that are above the average in point of merit. Colonia is very smart indeed, and Colonel Walker is to be congratulated on the possession of such a pair. The two animals are not entered in many races together, and Colonia could only deputise for her stable-companion in the Gimcrack Stakes. Another smart two-year-old in the stable is Sweet Mary, who, however, had to strike her flag to Admirable Crichton at Goodwood.

The late Mr. T. Beasley, familiar to all racing-men, and especially Irishmen, as "Tommy Beasley," was a wonderful member of a wonderful riding-family. The brothers were all expert horsemen on the flat and over hurdles and country, and Tom was, perhaps, the best—and I do not say that because his name is written more frequently in Turf history than that of his brothers. He had an extraordinary record in our Grand National, which he won thrice—on Empress in 1880, on Woodbrook in 1881, and in 1889 on Frigate. He just missed the "hat trick" by being beaten in 1882 by a head. He was on Cyrus, and Seaman won.

On several other occasions he was placed in our greatest cross-country race. He also won most of the big flat-races in Ireland, his native country, and was as successful in the Irish Derby as in the Grand National. His Derby wins were secured on Pet Fox, Tragedy, and Narraghmore. On Whisper Low and Too Good he won the Paris Steeplechase. Success did not come unasked to Mr. Beasley, for, although a born horseman, he had to go through a couple of years before he won a race. However, he had a kindly mentor in the famous old rider Allen McDonough, who knew what his pupil was capable of, and

who saw to it that his ability did not languish for want of encouragement. During all his riding career no breath of suspicion attached to his name, and he earned the respect and esteem of all with whom he came in contact.

For the last few years a revolution has been going on in methods of betting. The amount of speculation that takes place on the course nowadays is puerile compared with what it used to be, and yet there are more people betting. It comes to this, that the "offices" are more sought after every week, and it is now the rule rather than the exception for horses to be

backed "away." The bookmakers in the rings all tell the same tale, and it is no uncommon thing for those who run a book on the course and one in town to do most of their business at the latter. It requires some ingenuity to run a starting-price coup, but some of the Clubmen could tell strange tales as they would. I was told the other day that at a Club in the North of London, when horses from certain stables win, they wait for the telegrams to arrive before making up their books, knowing that the wires will come, and that they will have been handed in at obscure telegraph-offices, so as to make

certain that the news does not get back to the course in time to effect a shortening in price. When the telephone supersedes the telegraph, these "S.-P." coup runners will have to alter their tactics.

CAPTAIN COE.



WATER SPORTS IN ITALY: A "FANCY" DIVE.

Photograph by A. Croce.



THE ROYAL GOLF CLUB OF BELGIUM: THE ARCHDUCHESS FREDERICK OF AUSTRIA AND HER DAUGHTER VIEWING THE CLUB-HOUSE.

Photograph supplied by Park.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IN the Silly Season, subjects that promise to be long-drawn, and so provide the required quantity of "copy," are of definite importance to the unfortunate maker of bricks with straw. So when somebody recently issued his impressions on "The Crowning Crime of Tips," at once so apposite to this hotel-going season and of such burning import to travelling humanity at large, a chorus of

a facsimile impression appears on the next page. In size, weight, colour, and shape these pearls are in the last degree apparently the real thing, daily deceiving even jewel-merchants. Then the diamond brooches, pendants, rings, and ear-rings are all so admirably set and the stones are of such brilliant water that no one can refuse admiration to their intrinsic worth and artistic merit. So, all things considered, one does not quite see the advantage of carrying in one's *entourage* jewels worth thousands which might so easily be lost or stolen, when the Parisian Company can supply such admirable substitutes.

Motors run their dusty but delightful course through every square yard of Europe more than ever this year; but even the most perfect and expensive machines have not yet lost their initial bad habit of breaking down occasionally, and the stories one hears from friends of full-stops and notes of exclamation in the most awkward places would punctuate a whole volume of motor expletives and experiences. Chocolate and a brandy-flask alone saved one batch of hungry wayfarers from starvation in the Austrian Tyrol last week; while another lot had to depend on quinine tabloids or starve in Switzerland, having come to grief twenty miles from anywhere after dark. Apropos of chocolate, a particularly grateful, comforting species is becoming known to fame as "Cailler's Milk Chocolate," and, with a view to extending their appreciative public, the proprietors of Cailler are offering prizes for outside wrappers representing the largest purchases of this chocolate up to Dec. 31 next, the first prize being a casket of chocolate valued at £25 sterling, the others caskets of various values, from £10 downwards.



[Copyright.]

A USEFUL SPORTING COSTUME.

sympathy arose from victims of the system, who feelingly proceeded to deliver their sentiments on this theme. It is all very well to decry the custom, and we should all like to see it improved away, but it is difficult to know how to avoid it. After all, why grudge useful varlets the recompense of their services? At their own time and place they do us yeoman service in various ways, and is it unreasonable that they should look for an acknowledgment? In our grandfathers' days the tipping system was much more sturdily in vogue than at present, and I remember an esteemed forbear dwelling on the fact that one woman alone had to run the gauntlet of half-a-dozen expectant serving-men after an ordinary dinner-party at a neighbouring country-house. Exchange of hospitality would be on a rather more limited scale than obtains to-day did this social blackmail still prevail. So in the midst of our crumpled rose-leaves we have still something for which to be thankful.

If the astonishing record of jewellery thefts recently confessed to by a professional *voleur* does not deter women from taking many valuables away with them, it ought, at least, to influence them to be well insured against very probable loss. Anywhere at this season of peripatetic jewel-bags, but more especially abroad, should the utmost vigilance be employed to guard against the expert *chevaliers d'industrie* who shadow railway-station, steamer, and hotel-bedrooms. Safer and wiser by far would it be to call in the timely aid of the Parisian Diamond Company, whose jewels defy the most intimate inspection, than carry about with so many diamonds and pearls a weight of anxiety and responsibility. Take, for example, the pearls of which



[Copyright.]

A WHITE SERGE FOR THE COUNTRY.

Five hundred prizes are to be distributed, so everybody will have a chance of being enriched from the lollipop point of view. The persons authorised to collect wrappers are Ellis and Co., 20, Sir Thomas Street, Liverpool.

While on the eternal subject of eatables, it may be a timely reminder to many that the Plasmon preparations, of which there are

now quite a number, offer, according to the best-accredited authorities, thirty per cent. more nutriment than milk and four times more than fresh meat. Plasmon builds up tissues, aids digestion, braces nerves, and, in fact, viewing its astonishing powers, one begins to wonder why the world goes on falling sick and dying in the usual old-fashioned way instead of living on *ad infinitum*, as scientists who have cast their beliefs behind them assure us, from the scientific point of vision, we all ought to do. Meanwhile, the *Hausfrau* vantage-ground includes Plasmon Blancmange Powder, Plasmon Arrowroot, Plasmon Rusks, Plasmon Biscuits, and Plasmon goodness-knows-what besides, so that anyone with a proper respect for carbohydrates and proteids has no possible excuse for eating anything else.

It would really seem as though our once familiar friend, the crinoline, were making insidious but certain advances again. At the moment, every Paris dressmaker worth the name is putting steel in her *jupon*—and not alone in the actual dress-skirt, but in the silken petticoat as well—so the really fashionable Madame disports herself this season at Dieppe or Trouville, as the case may be, very much beflounced and expanded below, while, to balance matters, an immense veil floats about her hat-brim, after the manner of those that obtained a temporary success last year. At the former place that clever man-milliner, Hiley, from Jay's, is evident—picking up ideas, doubtless, for the forthcoming season. When men take to chiffons, they seem to do it so very thoroughly.—SYBIL.

Those who find the ups-and-downs of life supplied by shaving a continual and a sore distress should try the effect of one of the famous Kropp razors. Each one of these is guaranteed; great care is bestowed upon every blade; and only the best-quality, refined, and highly tempered English steel is used in their manufacture. They are hollow-ground—this work being done in Hamburg by German experts—and it is claimed that they never require re-grinding, and that, if they are carefully stropped before and after use on the razor-strop made specially for them, they will last a lifetime. They are to be had at two prices, 5s. 6d. with a black handle, and 7s. 6d. with an ivory handle. The firm by which they are made also sells a "guinea" sportsman's knife, strops, shaving-brushes, shaving-soap and cream, shaving and hot-water mugs, and other articles of toilet use—all excellent in their way. A pamphlet, entitled "The Shaver's Kit or Outfit," can be obtained post free from 51, Frith Street, Soho.

We are asked to state that it is not a fact that the syndicate taking over Mr. Grant Richards' business includes Mr. Doubleday and Mr. Gollancz.

The news that the whole of the Paris Municipality, one hundred and twenty strong, are coming to London as the guests of the County Council is very gratifying, and all that sort of thing, you know. But, still, it must cause grave searchings of heart in the more thoughtful Chadbandy circles of our enlightened country. What if these frivolous Gauls should discuss matters of high policy, such as music-halls, with their London *confrères*? Terrible thought! Not long ago, the County Council put down its foot heavily on the scheme for setting up a French theatre and open-air restaurant and other delights in the Strand. It knew what was good for Londoners, and straightway arose on the vacant site the tin towers and battlements

which rang with the Torrey - Alexander Mission. So far, so good; but will the Council now be proof against the subtle and engaging influence of their French guests? Shall we live to see Sir John McDougall visiting the Alhambra or the Tivoli with a festive French *ædile* on each arm, all oblivious of Zæo's back? "It must not was," as the poet says. Let the beer of ginger slowly flow, and let the sinful champagne be honoured in the breach—or rather, not be broached at all.

The Princess of Wales has just honoured Messrs. Speaight, the well-known photographers of children, by accepting from them for little Prince John the first copy of their new edition of "Babies' Album." The book is bound in fancy grey Jarrah roan, and the cover bears a specially drawn design, with the Prince's full name and the date of his birth stamped upon it.

There has just been issued to the Institute of Printers and Kindred Trades of the British Empire, which has its headquarters at St. Bride's Institute, a most interesting and, it need hardly be said, an admirably produced "Souvenir of Printing and the Allied Arts and Crafts." The issue contains a number of exceedingly

varied and interesting illustrations, reproduced in colour and in black-and-white by various processes.

The Liberal Party in the House of Commons gained another convert in the last week of the Session. They have been fortunate during the present Parliament in winning men over from the Unionist side, and it is remarkable that a considerable number of the converts had served in South Africa. Army policy was in several cases the beginning of the conversion. Among those who have gone over are Mr. Churchill, Major Seely, Mr. Ivor Guest, and Mr. George Kemp. The latest convert, Sir John Dickson-Poynder, although only thirty-nine, has been in the House since 1892. He is a son of the late Admiral Bourmaster Dickson, and assumed his mother's name, Poynder, in 1881.



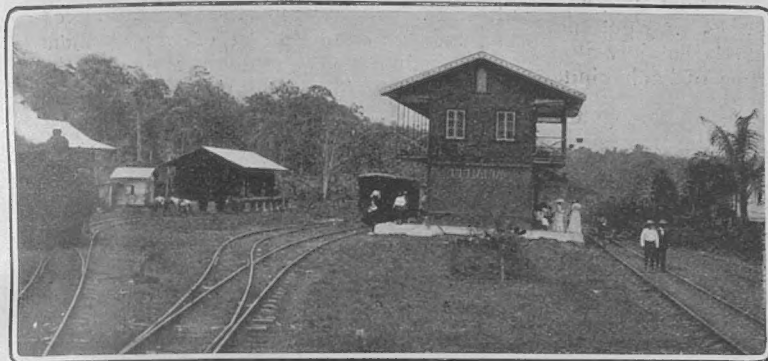
A HANDSOME PEARL NECKLACE AND DIAMOND ORNAMENTS AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S, 143, REGENT STREET, W.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on August 29.

IS IT PEACE?

WITH scarcely greater anxiety was the question addressed to the grandson of Nimshi than it is asked by all the world to-day. Our part in these columns is to consider affairs from the financial point of view, but finance will assuredly be almost as thankful as humanity when the struggle comes to an end. What any day may bring forth nobody can tell. The whole thing may be settled before the Wednesday on which these lines appear. Should the



PERALTA STATION, ON THE COSTA RICA RAILWAY.

negotiations fall through altogether, the markets will probably recover without difficulty from any slight shock they might experience at first, but such a disappointment would certainly have a depressing effect upon business.

SOME FOREIGN RAILS.

Heavy though the advances have been in the Foreign Railway Market, prices possess every appearance of going still higher. The rise in Rosario, Pacific, Buenos Ayres Western and Great Southern is not spent, unless we are greatly mistaken, and even though Great Western of Brazil new Ordinary have jumped from $11\frac{3}{4}$ to $13\frac{3}{4}$ since their attractions were pointed out here a few weeks back, the buying continues at the higher level. Perhaps the Preference will be taken in hand next. They are a cheap investment at anything like 12. Another excellent stock is Western of Havana $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Debenture, which stands about 114 and pays all but 4 per cent., allowing for the accrued interest. The stock is redeemable at 120, at the option of the Company, but it is not always easy to secure.

Costa Rica shares have settled down to about $2\frac{3}{8}$, after being $3\frac{3}{8}$ and $2\frac{3}{8}$ this year. The line is, of course, greatly dependent upon the banana traffic for its receipts; and by the courtesy of the Company and of the United Fruit Company, Boston, Mass., we are able to show how the bananas are piled along some parts of the line. A second view is that of one of the stations on the railway.

HOME RAILWAY STOCKS.

For merely speculative dealing, Home Railway stocks are, in the majority of cases, hopeless to operate in for the average man in the street. The wide margins between buying and selling prices may cause Home Rails to be vehemently tipped by those bucket-shops that gamble against their clients on the tape; but they are prohibitive to anyone who speculates for comparatively small turns. Therefore, the Home Railway Market drifts more and more into the investment category, and even in the speculative Deferred descriptions it becomes a matter of increasing difficulty to deal freely in two or three thousand pounds' stock. Under existing circumstances of electric competition, advancing rates and taxes and discouraging traffics, it is very doubtful whether the public will buy Home Rails until trade revives. Cheaper money, of course, has an effect upon the market, second, as a rule, only to that which this financial factor exercises over Consols; but, with so little chance of improvement in dividends upon the stocks, we see no more attraction to the investor than to the speculator.

UNDERGROUND CONSIDERATIONS.

With the advanced stage to which the Metropolitan and the District Companies have now brought their electrification schemes, it is natural that keen interest should be centred upon the Twopenny Tube traffics. For the six weeks ended Aug. 10 the Central London showed a decrease of £685 against the corresponding figures last year, but the District, for the same period, had a decrease of £2,251, and the Metropolitan came out with £507 to the bad. It will not be until the later autumn that the two Undergrounds stand much chance of cutting into the Tube traffics, and in September we are prepared to see the latter suffer, to the benefit of the District. The novelty of the District's alterations, and the superiority of its carriages, travelling over part of the route in the open air, will probably divert a good deal of traffic at first; but it must be remembered that the Central London has the finest route in the world, and will shortly be fed by the new line the Great Western is to make from Acton to Shepherd's Bush. Central London Deferred pays 5 per cent. on the money now, and,

while the price may go still lower if proprietors become nervous, we should say that its ultimate goal will be 93 or thereabouts.

TRUST COMPANIES.

Following last week's introductory remarks of our correspondent "Q.," we print below the second of his contributions upon the subject of Trust Companies. It will be seen that "Q." gives the profits of each Company for six years—

FINANCIAL TRUST COMPANIES.—II.

I propose to deal to-day with the four Trust Companies mentioned below, because they are all "in the same stable," and more or less under the same management. Lord Eustace Cecil is Chairman of all four Companies, two of which have reached a stage of great prosperity, and the other two are being successfully nursed into the same condition. These Companies are the Foreign and Colonial Trust Company, the American Investment Trust Company, the Foreign, American, and General Trust Company, and the Alliance Investment Trust Company, and the particular stocks I recommend are—

	Present Price.	Dividend.	Return per cent.
	£	s.	d.
For. and Col. Def.	122	6½	5 6 6
American Def.	120½	6½	5 10 0
For., Am., and Gen. Def. ..	93½	5	5 8 3
Alliance Cum. Pref.	91½	4½	4 18 9

1.—Taking these four Companies in what I may call their order of merit, the first place undoubtedly belongs to the Foreign and Colonial Trust, which has paid an average dividend of over 6½ per cent. for the last twenty-six years, and has accumulated a Capital Reserve Fund of £609,000. There is no Debenture stock, and the 5 per cent. Preference stock stands at nearly £130. At the last meeting the Chairman described the position of the Company as magnificent, and stated that the valuation showed £660,000 over and above the capital. The Company has a splendid list of investments, and the Deferred stock should go in time to £150. The income of the Trust for the last six years and the dividends on the Deferred stock have been—

1899. Inc. £117,895, Div. 5 per cent.	1900. Inc. £124,405, Div. 6 per cent.
1901 " £127,738 " 6½ "	1902 " £124,222 " 6½ "
1903 " £129,758 " 6½ "	1904 " £130,290 " 6½ "

2.—Second place belongs to the American Investment Trust, whose area, as its name implies, is limited to North America. This is, to a certain extent, a disadvantage, but its holdings are very good, being mostly first-class American Bonds. The Capital Reserve amounts to £188,957, and at the last annual meeting the Chairman estimated the surplus at £165,000, so that the capital is intact and there is £353,000 over and above. The Company is earning more than the 6½ per cent. which it is paying on the Deferred, and carried forward last year £23,000, equal to another 4½ per cent. The dividend should be increased before long to 7 per cent., and the Stock should go to £130. I append the same particulars as before—

1899. Inc. £74,280, Div. 5 per cent.	1900. Inc. £76,485, Div. 6 per cent.
1901 " £75,648 " 6 " "	1902 " £80,677 " 6 " "
1903 " £82,499 " 6½ " "	1904 " £78,456 " 6½ " "

3.—The Foreign, American, and General Trust is not quite in the same category as an investment stock, but it is rapidly improving its position, and last year the assets increased in value by over £200,000, so that the capital is now intact, and there is about £100,000 over. The average dividend on the Deferred Stock since the inception of the Company has been £4 16s. 4d. per cent. Well over 5 per cent. is now being earned, and an increased distribution is probable in the near future. The figures for this Company are—

1899. Inc. £89,608, Div. 4 per cent.	1900. Inc. £92,649, Div. 4½ per cent.
1901 " £95,669 " 5 " "	1902 " £94,300 " 5 " "
1903 " £97,848 " 5 " "	1904 " £98,681 " 5 " "

4.—The Alliance Investment Trust, being most largely interested in Argentina, suffered more severely than the other Companies, and in 1895 the Deferred stock was written down, and even then for a long time only the Preference interest was



PILING BANANAS ALONG THE COSTA RICA RAILWAY.

paid. However, in 1901 a beginning was made of dividends on the Deferred, and the margin behind the Preference is now steadily increasing. The income has been in 1899, £41,314; 1900, £42,270; 1901, £43,437; 1902, £44,211; 1903, £42,881; 1904, £45,026. Q.

Before making investments in such stocks, the prospective buyer would, of course, do well to obtain the last-issued report, accounts, and a copy of the Chairman's speech at the latest meeting. Most Trust Companies publish a full list of their investments, which affords valuable information to those contemplating the purchase of stock in a concern of this kind.

ON KAFFIRS.

Week after week our correspondence bears testimony to the growing weariness on the part of holders of Kaffirs who have kept their shares for years, but at last are on the point of utter disgust with them. We are less pessimistic than some of the critics, and believe in a coming day when prices will be better than they are now. They may, however, have to pass further through the vale of depression before the turning comes, and in this connection we present the following letter, just as it reaches us from a well-known member of the Stock Exchange who deals in the Kaffir Circus. "Is there a Kaffir Cure?" he asks us, and then proceeds to answer his own question thus—

So many nostrums have been tried for the benefit of the Kaffir Circus that the weary shareholder in South Africans may well ask if there is any real cure at all for the depression which has settled over his market. The various doses of physic administered to the gold-mining industry—Chinese labour, tube-mills, cheaper dynamite, better transport arrangements, and so on—have proved entirely ineffectual to revivify the languor of prices, and proved about as useful in the way of permanent supports as the spasmodic efforts made by widely advertised "Trusts," formed with the ostensible idea of helping the market. The little spurt lately achieved came all the more welcome to holders of Kaffir shares because August is not usually associated with better times in South African varieties. Every advance for the past nine or twelve months has been confidently hailed as the precursor of the permanent revival, which never arrives, but the disappointment of the past does not prevent the same sanguine prophecy being repeated now. But, with every anxiety to see business revive in Kaffirs, the student searches vainly for some reason leading to confidence in the discovery of a real cure for the market's ills of listlessness and incapacity to attract the public. Dividends in plenty are to be released this autumn, we are told, and that certainly is one cheerful item, not unreasonably put forth. The recent strike on the Boksburg property is encouraging, up to a point. The immense bear account in Kaffirs does afford a sound basis from which to start a new rise. But the inquirer with the rosy spectacles is forced back, after all, upon the other less flattering considerations of the high levels at which Kaffirs stand in relation to the dividends paid; he foresees the approach of the time when more working capital must be supplied from outside sources; he notices how, even now, share-jugglery goes on, allied with market-making, which may enrich a few greedy scrip-sellers, but which does little good to the market. The next cure for Kaffirs is, perhaps, at hand; if it is, so much the better for those who will muster up the courage to sell their shares before another reaction overtakes prices.

In all this reasoning we would venture to remark that there is nothing very fresh or illuminating. The views, however, probably sum up the impression of many people intimately connected with the market, where the long-continued want of business has bred a weariness akin to that felt by holders of Kaffirs, whose prices seem to take but one direction, save for an occasional, temporary spurt.

CONFIDENCE IN CANADAS.

After the slight hesitation displayed in the early summer with regard to Canadian investments, the markets for all the popular issues are moving strongly upward. When Canadas were hovering between 120 and 130, we ventured to put their truer value at 150 as a minimum, and now that this latter goal has been left so far behind we advance our prophetic figures to 200. The dividend is of little present account in considering the various forces at work in the Canadian Pacific Market. We doubt whether any increase will be made for at least another year. But stockholders can reckon with a certain degree of confidence upon receiving a bonus from the new issue of capital likely to be made, while they stand to benefit by the probable distribution of shares in a Company in contemplation for the purpose of taking over and dealing with much of the Canadian Pacific's land. Meanwhile, the traffics are well maintained, and the tide of Canada's prosperity shows little indication of being checked in its flow. The development of the Dominion is proceeding at a rapid stride. If a new Company-issue proves a failure, it does not mean any abatement of interest in the country; circumstances alter cases, as we used to be told at school. Canada as a producer is, even yet, in her infancy, and every step taken means much to the few railways which are first in the field.

GRAND TRUNK PROSPECTS.

By its declaration of the full dividends on the First and Second Preference stocks, the Grand Trunk Railway would appear to have placed both those securities on a firmer basis than they have yet enjoyed. This particular dividend feat has, of course, been accomplished before, but its effect was dissipated by the abnormally hard winter of 1903-4. Such a rigorous time may, we admit, be repeated, but it is hardly likely to recur, for some years to come at all events, and the handsome sum of £7,400 which the Grand Trunk carries forward to the current half-year is an index to the directors' idea that the line is now in sufficiently good condition to do without the lavish expenditure which has been paid out in recent years. The two Preference stocks already mentioned are, therefore, in our opinion, good investments, although the Seconds cannot be placed higher than a silver-edged stock just yet. What everyone wants to know, however, is the ultimate value of Trunk Thirds. As things are now, given steady traffic-increases of only moderate amount, the stock appears to be secure of 2 per cent.—perhaps 3 per cent., six months hence. Taking the higher figure, to return 5 per cent. on the money the price of the stock would stand at 60, which is as high as it can be reasonably expected to go. When the full dividend of 4 per cent., to which the stock is entitled, comes into prospect, then will be the time to speak of 80 being reached.

LITTLE TRUNKS—AND OTHERS.

Taking 60 as a justifiable quotation for Trunk Thirds—and we think it will be reached before Christmas—the prospective value of the Ordinary stock may come somewhere about 30. Whether Trunk

Ordinary will go to 30 by the time that Thirds reach 60 is, nevertheless, a very debatable point, because there is such a mass of the Ordinary stock, and any smart spurt would bring out what the Stock Exchange calls tons of it. On the other hand, it is argued that Little Trunks derive great prospective value from the territories to be opened up by the new lines under the ægis of the Company. The point seems to us of somewhat dubious worth, although we are open to be convicted of an error of judgment. We rather take the view that these various issues of stock made within the past half-year under the guarantee of the Grand Trunk Company may prove a heavy burden for a long while. Moreover, one or two of these projected systems are already threatened with competition, and if proprietors of Little Trunks look to this direction for dividends, they will have to suffer grievous disappointment, unless prepared to wait a probable decade. So far as the issues themselves are concerned, we have recommended Grand Trunk Pacific Fours from the day on which the stock appeared, and it now stands at 4 premium, with a likelihood of improvement. The 3 per cent. stocks of the other two Canadian Railways that came out under the guarantee of the Dominion Government will also advance as they get more widely distributed amongst investors. At present the underwriters continue to hold, perforce, considerable quantities of each kind.

CANADA'S LAND SHARES.

From several widely different sources we hear that a sharp rise is about to occur in Hudson's Bay shares. Considering how Canadas and Trunks have lately forged ahead, it would be strange if "Bays" were neglected in the general Canadian rally. And chief of the good reasons for the supposition that the price will go better is the extreme probability of a substantial increase in the dividend. Having decided to leave the shares at their present denomination of ten pounds each, the Board will feel at liberty to distribute profits in the shape of dividends, always a more satisfactory plan—from the market point of view—than that of repayments of capital. There are not many shares in floating supply, and the price could be raised to 80 without any difficulty. Such shares, however, are too high-priced for more than a comparatively limited number of investors and speculators. Calgary and Edmonton Lands will, perhaps, develop into a more popular gamble, and the progress made by this dividend-paying Company has brought it into general notice. The price is a trifle under 2½, and is talked to 5. Those who buy now will, no doubt, be well content to take 3 for their shares, and the rise of fifteen shillings per share is quite on the cards, but we should not counsel a purchase except for the purposes of taking-up.

ELECTRIC POWER COMPANIES.

Scotched though it be for a season, the Administrative County of London Power Bill has awakened several branches of industry that will in time command an attention far wider than most people at present dream of. The supply of electric power in vast bulk is as yet a matter advanced but a short distance from its initial stages, but we have lately had several propositions shown us for the development of this business in various parts of the country. As we have pointed out on several former occasions, the day will come for Power stocks and shares to assume an important rank in the lists of commercial investments, and, although that day may be two or three years ahead, its advent is positively assured—assured, that is, if the early exploiters of the business show the public they mean to run it on co-operative principles, and not as a means for extracting immense promotion plunder. Given business-like bases to the Companies, they will deserve well of everyone who values the means for assisting in the advancement of home industries.

Saturday, August 12, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

HAYTOR.—For the investment of £2,000, we would suggest Lagos 3½ per cent., Grand Trunk Second Preference, Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary, State of San Paulo 1904 5 per cent., Johannesburg 4 per cent., and Western Railway of Havana 4½ per cent. Debenture stock. From these the yield is precisely 4½ per cent. on the money, and they are all good securities.

SMALL INVESTOR (Argyll).—The shares are very unattractive. Imperial Tobacco Preference would be much better.

REDCAP.—Cape Electric Trams should be kept. The traffics are not rosy at present, but will improve after the end of the year.

IGNOTUS.—United Realisation shares are threepence to ninepence. The office of the Company is 32, Old Jewry. We have sent you the name and address of a firm of stockbrokers.

GAMMA.—With regard to the purchasing of electric-lighting concerns by local authorities, have you not overlooked the terms of the Bramwell Award, upon which the Companies will be taken over? You raise a wide question, too intricate for dealing with in an answer like this, but we will make it the subject of a City Note next week, if possible.

F. H.—Your letter has been answered by post.

P. B. B.—Both the Mining shares are rubbish that should be avoided by anyone who has any regard for his money.

F. W. J.—All the lotteries you mention are genuine, and you would certainly get the money in the event of your drawing a prize. But the odds against that are pretty long.

YORK.—(1) We should say the exchange would be greatly to your ultimate advantage. (2) The Canadian Pacific dividends are due in April and October. (3) Don't sell the Kaffirs now. Wait a bit longer. All the shares in your list have good chances of improvement in a revival.